The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Professor Albert Leitzmann of Jena has edited a new edition of Humboldt's "Letters to a Friend," compiled from the original sources. This book discloses the painful fact that these letters, which were written to Charlotte von Diede and published by her, contain a great number of misrepresentations and deliberate forgeries. The first edition of the book appeared about sixty years back. The most interesting parts of the new publication are several letters from Humboldt concerning Goethe, in which he gently banters the receiver upon her aversion to the poet and especially on her anti-Werther fanaticism. He says: "I don't believe the tale that men have committed suicide through Werther. One doesn't kill one's self for a book; if such were really the case these unhappy people had only to accuse their disordered senses, and not the poet." This and other letters in a similar strain were suppressed by the first editor, or deliberately altered, so as to produce a quite different opinion from that which Humboldt really had of the poet. The new edition is published by the Insel Verlag of Leipsic.

"The All Red Series" of books that Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons are publishing are designed to give full and authoritative descriptions of the British Empire as it is to-day. The first volume in the series is "The Commonwealth of Australia," by the Hon. Bernhard Kingrose Wise, formerly Attorney-General of New South Wales; the second, which is now in preparation, will be "The Dominion of New Zealand," by Sir Arthur P. Douglas, Bart.

Mr. C. E. Lawrence's new novel, a story of modern London, was to have been called "Winged Victory," but has, at the eleventh hour, been re-named, and will be published by Mr. Murray with the title of "Much Ado about Something."

"An Incomplete Etonian," Frank Danby's new novel, will be published by Mr. Heinemann this week.

The name of Mr. Francis Grierson is not familiar to the average book-lover; his literary genius has blossomed late. He was born in Cheshire in 1848, and his parents emigrated to Illinois in 1849. He is a cousin of General B. H. Grierson, and on his mother's side he is related by blood to Viscount Wolseley; he is a direct descendant of Robert Grierson, the Redgauntlet of Scott's famous novel. Mr. Francis Grierson's father was an aristocrat of the old school who took it into his head to go to Illinois and live the life of a farmer. He became an American citizen, helped to elect Lincoln, and returned to England for good in 1871.

The two slender volumes of essays which bear Mr. Francis Grierson's name were issued in 1899 and 1901, and those who know "Modern Mysticism" and "The Celtic Temperament" know that they rank amongst the most stimulating critical volumes of the present generation. Mr. Grierson's first book, which was written in French, was published in Paris in 1889, and elicited warm praise from Maeterlinck and from the leading Academicians of Paris. His new volume, "The Valley of Shadows," which Messrs. Constable announce, forms the first part of his autobiography. It comprises a series of memories and impressions of his boyhood in Illinois during the wonderful years that culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. In a later volume Mr. Grierson hopes to tell of his wanderings in European countries as a musical prodigy.

Photo by Russell & Sons. **Mr. Francis Grierson.**

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Tom Gallon.**

Every novelist has either written for the stage or is going to. Mr. Tom Gallon says he finds that nearly every novel and short story he writes is pounced upon by some one desirous of obtaining the dramatic rights, so he is determined to devote more of his time, in future, to developing that side of his work. One recent story of his that appeared in a popular magazine brought him as many as fourteen applications for the dramatic rights in the course of a single week.

Mr. Alfred H. Miles is one of the most voluminous of living authors and editors; to say nothing of many books issued anonymously, there are over a hundred and fifty items down to his name in the catalogues of the British Museum, and Messrs. Stanley Paul are publishing three new books of his this year: "Ballads of Brave Women," which is to appear almost immediately, and "A Book of Brave Boys" and "A Book of Brave Girls," which are in hand for the autumn. All three books are edited by Mr. Miles, who is also one of his own contributors.

Mr. Miles is perhaps best known for his amazingly

popular series of Reciters, but his most important work is "The Poets and Poetry of the Century," Messrs. Routledge's new edition of which, in twelve volumes, we review on another page. As a youth, Mr. Miles passed through all the departments of a publishing house, and the knowledge he so acquired has stood him in good stead, for nearly all his books have not only been initiated by himself, but have been published at his own risk. When you talk to him of the enterprising spirit that animates the British publisher, he smiles and tells you that as he could not find a publisher for the first of his "A1 Reciters," he published it himself, and sold half a million copies, and it is still selling daily. He had to produce also "The Poets and Poetry of the Century" at his own expense, and the ultimate success of the venture has amply justified him. In the preparation of this latter work he was greatly encouraged by Mr. Watts-Dunton and the late Dr. Richard Garnett, Dr. Garnett contributing a number of articles to the volumes and generously refusing all payment for them. Once again, when Mr. Miles originated his famous series of "Fifty-Two" books —the "Fifty-two Stories for Boys" and "Fifty-two Stories for Girls"—he could not find a publisher to take up the idea as a speculation, and it was not until nineteen volumes had been issued at his own risk that his publishers took over the property and paid him a handsome price for it. Two or three of these volumes have appeared annually since 1889; a total of fifty-two of them have now made their appearance, and a quarter of a million copies have been sold.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. **Mr. Roy Horniman.**

Mr. W. Hope Hodgson.

Mr. Hope Hodgson is the son of an Essex clergyman. Unlike most authors of vigorous adventure stories, he has roughed it aboard ship and about the world, and is a notable athlete; moreover, he holds the Royal Humane Society's Bronze Medal for saving life at sea. He is still a young man, in the early thirties. His forthcoming book, "The Ghost Pirates," is the third in a sort of trilogy, of which "The Boats of the *Glen Carrig*" and "The House on the Borderland" were the first and second, and having published it he intends to set himself to develop a different type of story, which will, he says, enable him to put forth some of his fresher and older ideas.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing a new novel by Roy Horniman. It deals with what Mr. Horniman calls the professional beauty period, to wit, the early 'eighties, and faithfully reproduces the society of that generation.

"Though I employ no press agency, I have seen

Mr. James Blyth.

enough criticism of my books," says Mr. James Blyth, "to know that I am accused of over-drawing the sordid tragedy of village life in East Anglia, but only the other day I had the great pleasure of being thanked for my novels by the rector of a Suffolk village, who assured me that so far from having over-drawn the conditions which obtain, I have understated them." In "The Member for Easterby," which Mr. John Long is publishing, Mr. Blyth has used two actions which occupied the Courts some twelve years ago to illustrate certain facilities for blackmail which are afforded by our divorce laws. In "The Penalty," which the same publisher has in preparation, he has tried to show the scandalous conditions under which employees are forced to live by the system which places so much female employment in the hands of alien managers of hotels and restaurants. Mr. John Milne is issuing a third new book of Mr. Blyth's, "Ichabod," which deals with the subject of alien immigration.

Mr. Blyth was born in Norfolk, and when he is not putting the neighbouring villages under his literary microscope, he is star-gazing (having lately acquired an admirable three-inch telescope by Newton), and finds that nothing brings more home to a man the insignificance of the human race than the observation of the planets. His hobbies are photography and yachting, and the shooting of snipe and wildfowl. While he was at Cambridge he made the acquaintance of Mr. Barry Pain, with whom he collaborated in writing "The Hand of the Unseen" and "The Luck of Norman Dale."

Before he began his career as a novelist Mr. Nat Gould did brilliant work as a journalist in Sydney and Brisbane; his signature of "Verox" was at one time familiar all over Australia, and later his novels, of which over six million copies have been sold, have established his fame as a sporting novelist wherever the English language is spoken. Mr.

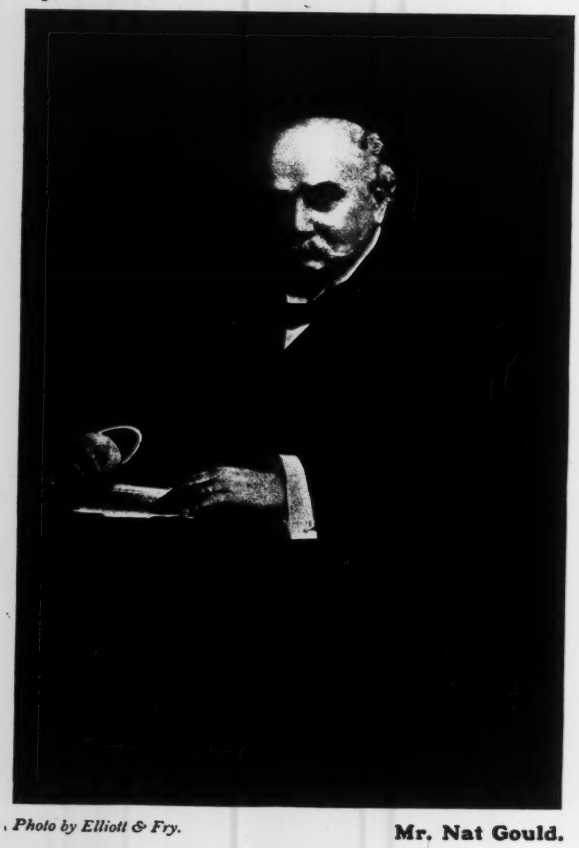


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Nat Gould.**

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. John Long.**

John Long has now become sole publisher of all his new books, and in his latest work, "The Magic of Sport," Mr. Nat Gould pays a friendly tribute to his publisher that makes very pleasant reading.

Mr. Frank Sidgwick is a Cambridge man, and a cousin of Mr. A. C. Benson. He won the Chancellor's Medal for English verse in 1900, has edited several volumes of old ballads and poems, and has recently joined the ranks of London publishers. His first novel, "Love and Battles," has just been issued by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

The first number of Messrs. Cassell's *New Magazine* makes a very strong bid for popularity. It is attractively produced, devotes some dozen pages to matters of especial interest to women, has a humorous section, and an art supplement containing portraits of well-known actors and actresses, but is mainly given over to fiction. There is no serial, and acting up to a belief that what pleases the public in a magazine is not the notoriety of its authors but the goodness of their work, the editor, Mr. Newman Flower, gives fifteen varied and excellent tales ably illustrated by such artists as Cyrus Cuneo, Fred Pegram, Albert Morrow, Gordon Browne, and Paul Hardy. Mr. Newman Flower was born in the Thomas Hardy country twenty-nine years ago; has some vivid memories of Hardy's father; and

Photo by J. Palmer Clarke, Cambridge. **Mr. Frank Sidgwick.**

Photo by Russell & Sons. **Mr. Newman Flower.**

is an enthusiast in whatever concerns Hardy and his work. All his early days were spent in Dorsetshire; twelve years ago he began life as a journalist, and for these last three years has been with Messrs. Cassell. He is responsible for the great success of the *Story-teller*, which he started two years ago, and now controls no fewer than five of the Cassell publications.

"Pretty Fanny's Way" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Murray Gilchrist which Messrs. Everett are publishing during the present month. It is a story of Derbyshire folk, and of the innocent mischief made by a pretty and irresponsible stranger who arrives among them.

The City, which puts out its fourth number in April, is a breezy and interesting little monthly, written and printed at Letchworth (the first of the garden cities) and published by Messrs. Dent. It touches particularly on matters of local interest to the garden citizens, and generally on whatever concerns the progress of the movement, its purpose being "the quickening of the civic spirit."

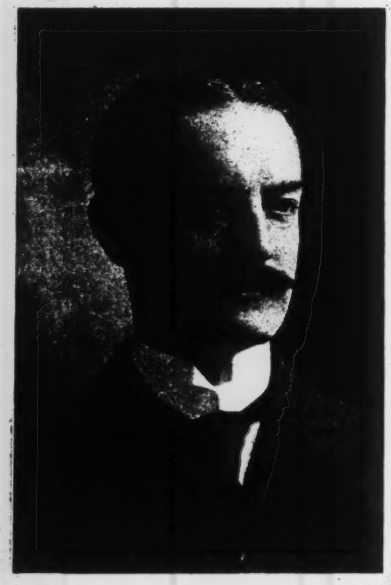
One of the most interesting centenaries of the year is that of the *Quarterly Review*. Its Centenary Number this month is to contain, in addition to centenary articles on Darwin and Tennyson, and all its usual features, a history of the Review from

its commencement, with portraits of the editors and of some of the more important contributors.

John Barnett (Mr. J. R. Stagg) is a contributor to *Punch*, and has done much excellent work in the magazines. His two novels, "The Prince's Valet" and "The Luck of the Lanes," revealed him as a writer of marked ability; last year he made a very successful essay into lighter literature with his book of humorous stories, "Joseph, a Dancing Bear," and a few days ago Messrs. Smith, Elder published his new novel, "Geoffrey Cheriton," which we review on page 45.

Mr. J. H. Whitty, the well-known American critic, writes us a very complimentary note from Richmond, Va., on our Edgar Allan Poe Centenary Number, and says incidentally: "One looks in vain among the many published works of E. A. Poe for any reference to Goethe. Among other interesting writings of Poe in my possession which have been overlooked by all his biographers is the following note: 'It is really difficult to conceive what must have been the morbidity of the German intellect, or taste, when it not only tolerated but truly admired and enthusiastically applauded such an affair as "The Sorrows of Werter." The German approbation was, clearly, in good faith; as for our own, or that of the English, it was the quintessence of affectation. Yet we did our best, as in duty bound, to work ourselves up into the fitting mood. The title, by the way, is mistranslated: "Lieden" does not mean sorrows, but sufferings.'"

Countess Martinengo Cesaresco.
Author of the forthcoming book, "The Place of Animals in Human Thought."



Mr. R. C. Lehmann.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number we are greatly indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Charles W. F. Goss, chief librarian of the Bishopsgate Institute, who has kindly lent us from his unique private collection of such prints several of our pictures of Pepysian persons and places, including the view of old Cornhill that we reproduce on the cover.

Our thanks are due also to Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons and Mr. H. B. Wheatley, to Messrs. Cassell and to Messrs. Chapman & Hall for others of the Pepys illustrations; to the Master and Fellows of Magdalene College, Cambridge, with whose consent we reproduce, as one of our presentation plates, the portrait of Pepys in their possession; to Mr. John Lane for the Carlyle portraits; to Mr. Alexander Carlyle for permitting us to use as our second presentation plate the miniature of Jane Welsh, which is reproduced in colour in "The Love-Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh"; and, in connection with other of our illustrations, in the ordinary pages of THE BOOKMAN and in the Supplement, to the various publishers to whom due acknowledgments are made elsewhere.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

April 1 to May 1, 1909.

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ALLEN, J. W.—The Place of History in Education. 5s. net.
BRACKENBURY, GEN. THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY, G.C.B., K.C.S.I.—Some Memories of My Spare Time. With Portrait. 5s. net.
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LINDSAY, JAMES, D.D.—Studies in European Philosophy. 10s. 6d. net.
OLE-LUK-OIE.—The Green Curve. 6s.
Stories of the English. With 50 Illustrations. 5s. net.

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FRASER, JOHN FOSTER.—Quaint Subjects of the King. 6s.
HAGGARD, H. RIDER.—King Solomon's Mines. 1s. edition.
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—The Sword of the Lord. 3s. 6d.
McCALL, FLORINDA.—Double Bonds. 6s.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—Wheels of Anarchy. 6d. edition.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Show Girl. 6s.
RINEHART, MARY ROBERTS.—The Circular Staircase. 6s.
WOOD, WALTER.—The Secret Paper. 6s.
Nature Book. Vol. II. 12s. net.
People's Library. 15 new vols. 8d. net and 1s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

HARPER, CHARLES G.—The Tower of London. With many Illustrations by W. S. Campbell. 7s. 6d. net.
SINCLAIR, ARCHDEACON.—Memorials of St. Paul's Cathedral. With numerous Illustrations by Louis Weirter. 16s. net.
STORY, DOUGLAS.—Insurrectionary India. 12s. 6d. net.
WADDINGTON, SAMUEL.—Chapters of My Life. 7s. 6d. net.

The Clarendon Press.

COLLINS, F. H.—Authors' and Printers' Dictionary. 1s. net.
DANTE.—Convivio. Translated by W. W. Jackson. (Oxford Library of Translation.) 3s. 6d. net.
HALL, J.—Specimens of Middle English.
LISTER, LORD.—The Collected Papers. Vol. I. 2 vols. 42s. net.
PEACOCK, T. L.—Memoirs of Shelley. (With letters from Shelley to Peacock.) Edited by H. F. B. Brett Smith. (Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.) 2s. 6d. net.
PELHAM, HENRY FRANCIS (the late).—Historical Essays. (Edited by F. Haverfield.)
STEWART, J. A.—Plato's Theory of Ideas.
A Collection of Pieces in Prose and Verse in the Irish Language: printed in facsimile from the MS. in the Bodleian (Rawlinson, B502). With Introduction and Notes by Kuno Meyer.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

CANENS, F., D.Sc., A.R.C.Sc., F.L.S.—Botany for Matriculation. A text-book of Elementary Botany on modern lines, adapted to meet the requirements of the new London University Syllabus in Botany for Matriculation.
GOGGIN, S. E., M.A.—Shakespeare, Hamlet. For the London University Intermediate Arts Examination, 1910. 2s.
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"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD.

IT is seldom that criticism and creative romance go hand in hand. When poetry joins them, we are hard put to it to know how our author should be judged, whether on the merits of his verses, the critical acumen of his introductions to the classics, or the virtues of his imaginative prose. It is neither my province nor intention to attempt a "placing" of Mr. Masefield among contemporary writers, but if it were I should put aside his critical work altogether, leaving him to stand, firstly, the author of a dozen imaginative sketches that go to make up "A Mainsail Haul," and, after those, of certain numbers picked from two little books of ballads. It is the easier to deal with these two manifestations of his talent together, for the prose of his imagination is half poetry, enriched continuously with jewels of colour and fancy. Mr. Masefield has achieved distinction in a third department of his art. He is an historian. "On the Spanish Main" and "Sea Life in Nelson's Time" disclose a wide knowledge of maritime history, sea-warfare, and adventure, the build and rigs of ships, of the men who worked them, their food, the way they went about their work. I doubt if there are experts in advance of Mr. Masefield on these subjects. I feel very sure that if there are, they can none of them commit their knowledge to paper with the art of which he is master.

Mr. Masefield prefers that his readers should build up his personality from his books. Having read them, it really matters little to us where he was born, or when. It is environment that is of real importance above the other things, and I think the day in Mr. Masefield's life that mattered most was the day on which it was decided that he should go to sea. It seems to me inevitable that he should have become a sailor. It is difficult to conjure up a picture of him in any other sort of life, in the all-important years of youth and early manhood. Even if he had gone into the navy, and not the merchant service, there would have been a very different sort of John Masefield at the end of ten years or so. About naval men there always hangs the suggestion of an official atmosphere. They have "what is called the silent routine." It is not their custom to roar out the tuneful, rhythmical chanties dear to the merchant service, when busy at the capstan, the halliards, or the hauling of the sheets.

It was on the training-ship H.M.S. *Conway* that Mr. Masefield first heard some of the best sea-stories

in what I think is his best book, "A Mainsail Haul." The man who told them to him was an old sailor of the name of Wallace Blair, an instructor in seamanship, and a type that has now passed away among sailor-men. He was of the sort "whose hair—so the legend says—was rope-yarn, whose fingers were so many marline spikes, and whose blood was good 'Stockhollum tar.' His kind old mind was full of coloured threads, each thread a bright tangle of romance." Others of the tales that he has put down in beautiful, glowing words the boy whom the old sailor taught picked up from others of his ship-mates on his travels. He sailed once to America, left his ship, and took to the road. He slept in barns, under hay-ricks, here and there he got a few weeks' work at a farm.

He left the road to seek, with two friends, for work in New York. A week or two, and we find him serving behind a hotel bar, in a subordinate position. The two other bar-tenders, Johnny and John, mixed the subtle drinks in vogue, and it was the new hand's duty to clean the glasses which these two artists filled for the thirsty. He had other duties, such as to keep the beer-pipes packed in ice, the free-lunch counter supplied with food, to clean, on their proper occasions, the electric light shades, polish the brass-work of the bar, and "separate all combatants" so tactfully that no good client should have reason to take his custom elsewhere. Another of his duties was to squirt soda-water in the faces of thieves and beggars. "At about 2 or 2.30 a.m.," he says, "I took a tot of whisky and went to my garret, where I read the 'Morte d'Arthur,' my only book, until I fell asleep."

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. John Masefield.**

We should look, I think, to all this hard work and these many hard knocks for the cause of that virility which is so marked a feature of Mr. Masefield's work. He is ever for strength, for life. If he cannot make the language of his characters alive by other means, he does it by the use of colloquialisms, of slang, even of swear-words. In "Captain Margaret," his last book and only long novel, Mr. Masefield has essayed a very difficult thing. He has worked out an intricate psychological study of four men and a woman, who spend months cooped up together on shipboard. His psychology is admirable, but it is of the twentieth century. His *milieu* is admirable too, but it is—of all things, Jacobean. Charles, Olivia, Stukeley, are from a country house of to-day. They are masquerading on a high-built wooden ship, with gilt and painted upper-works and stately masts. Mr. Perrin wears "a suit of dark blue silk, heavily laced at the throat and wrists. The sleeves of his coat are slashed, so as to show a bright green satin lining." And King James is on the throne. We don't believe it. "You've got a nerve," "You rotter," and "I don't think" are among the expressions of the crew. It is very curious and very interesting, but I think it hardly justifies itself.

It was perhaps partly owing to his love of manly strength that Mr. Masefield was brought to edit that little known classic, "The Fancy," written by J. H. Reynolds, whom he had found occasion to study as a friend of Keats. This little book, embellished with thirteen characteristic illustrations by Mr. Jack B. Yeats, the frontispiece depicting "Peter Corcoran," as he signed himself, working in bed, was published by Mr. Elkin Mathews four years ago, in a form similar to that of "A Mainsail Haul." The stories in this last little book, of which "Port of Many Ships" and "A Deal at Cards" prove Mr. Masefield for what he is, a poet and an artist, came out, many of them, in the *Manchester Guardian*. The same journal, with the *Speaker*, *Macmillan's*, and *Country Life*, first printed those that were incorporated in a second series, "A Tarpaulin Muster," issued by Grant Richards in 1907.

Mr. Masefield adopted the prose-writer's usual method of appearing first as a poet. The point to notice about this is that he was a real one. "Salt-Water Ballads" was published by Grant Richards in 1902, and "Ballads" by Elkin Mathews in the following year. From the second, "Cargoes," I think, best shows his combined feeling for colour, rhythm, and vigour:

"Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

"Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dripping through the tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

"Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays."

Most delightfully typical of the author of "Salt-Water Ballads" is "One of the Bosun's Yarns." The sailor who tells the story describes his feelings on waking up after being stunned in a collision at sea:

"'N' then the stars began to shine, 'n' the birds began to sing,
'N' the next I knowed I was bandaged up 'n' my arm were in a sling,
'N' a swab in uniform were there, 'n' 'Well,' says he, ''n' how
Are yer arms, 'n' legs, 'n' liver, 'n' lungs, 'n' bones a-feelin' now?'

"'Where am I?' says I, 'n' he says, says he, a-cantin' to the roll,
'You're aboard the R.M.S. *Marie* in the after Glory-Hole,
'N' you've had a shave, if you wish to know, from the port o' Kingdom Come.
Drink this,' he says, 'n' I takes 'n' drinks, 'n' s'elp me, it was rum!'"

Strength and beauty, too, are behind the gruesome horror of the lines "Burial Service," from "Salt-Water Ballads." They begin:

"It's a rummy jig of a guffy's yarn, 'n' the juice of a rummy note,
But if you buries a corp at night, it takes 'n' keeps afloat,
For its bloody soul's afraid o' the dark 'n' sticks within the throat."

Mr. Masefield is a poet and a critic of poets. He has edited Marlowe's "Faustus," annotated Keats, and written an introduction to Herrick. He has compiled an anthology of "Lyrists of the Restoration" (Grant Richards, 1905), and "A Sailor's Garland" (Methuen, 1906). "Our true sea-epics," he says, "are written in prose rather than in verse." Nevertheless he has gathered together a most delightful collection of ballads, sea-songs, chanties, and sailors' love-poems in this last book. Also until lately Mr. Masefield has jumped from time to time and with characteristic vigour on new poets in the review columns of the *Daily News*. Two of his plays, "Nan" and "The Campden Wonder," have within the last year or two been produced at metropolitan theatres. In his historical capacity he has written "Sea-life in Nelson's Time" and "On the Spanish Main" (Methuen, 1906), wherein he talks learnedly and delightfully of Drake, Oxenham, Morgan, and Dampier, of Nombre de Dios and the sacks of Portobello and Panama, of sixteenth and seventeenth century ships and rigs, of their guns and gunners, and of the men who formed their pirate, or semi-pirate, crews. "Dampier's Voyages," published in two fine volumes by Mr. Grant Richards in 1906, was edited by Mr. Masefield, who was responsible, too, for the introduction prefacing the "Everyman" Hakluyt. The introduction to "The Travels of Marco Polo," in this series, we also owe to Mr. Masefield. "Marco Polo, almost the first European to see the East, saw her," he declares, "in all her wonder, more fully than any man has seen her since. . . . In the East of romance there grows 'the tree of the sun, or dry tree (by which Marco Polo passed), a sort of landmark or milestone, at the end of the great desert. The apples of the sun and moon grow upon that tree. Darius and Alexander fought under its shade.' Those are the significant facts about the tree according to Marco Polo. We moderns, who care little for any tree so long as we can murmur its Latin name, have lost wonder in losing faith."

It is a good introduction, this preface to the earliest and best of travel-books, as the Dampier and the Hakluyt introductions are good, and the prefaces to the poets and the maritime histories. But I think that the Masefield who really matters is not the Masefield of the introductions, of the anthologies, or of the daily press, but the Masefield of "Port of Many Ships" and "From the Spanish," of "Spanish Waters" and "The Ballad of Sir Bors," whose language has rich luxuriant life, whose sentences blossom as with crimson roses, whose periods are ornate with the gold, the jewels, and the ivory of beautiful and inevitable words. And behind this surface efflorescence there is the conviction of that splendid sea-vigour. Vigour and grace, strength and beauty, what else is there to be required in a writer?

Ashley Gibson.

TO PYRRHA.

(*Horace, Carm.* i. 5.)

AH, Pyrrha, 'mid the roses
What perfumed gallant now
His heart to thee discloses
'Neath some cool grotto's brow?
For whom dost thou

Now braid thy tresses golden
With artless grace? Alack,
Though now clear skies embolden,
Soon shall he quail 'neath black
Storm-clouds and wrack,

Who trusts (poor fool!) thy favour,
Nor dreams that storms can rise
Or anger darken ever
The heaven of thine eyes.
Hapless the unwise

On whom thy smiles are squandered!
But I for perils o'er
Thank-offering due have rendered,
And tempt the seas no more,
Saved and ashore.

A. M. R.

THE READER.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

By Henry B. Wheatley.

PEPYS'S admirers, who now form a numerous body, will welcome the contemporaneous appearance of two new lives of their hero. Miss Moorhouse * has done well in giving a clear account of his life's work, so far as it is known, in the management and, when he had sufficient power, in the re-construction of the English Navy. Mr. Percy Lubbock † has devoted himself more especially to an elucidation of the difficulties of the Diary and an attempt to show the harmony of the whole, although he does not neglect the light to be obtained from Pepys's printed Correspondence.

Before entering into further details it is well to consider in what estimation this man has been held during the two centuries since his death. He was known merely from the outside until the publication of his Diary. During his life the public knew him as a grave and learned servant of the State. After his death he was almost entirely forgotten except at the Admiralty, where it has always been a tradition, handed down from generation to generation, that he was a man to whom the country owed much. When in 1825 the Diary was first published everything else was overlooked by reason of the dazzling interest of its contents and the vivid account of the incidents which came under the notice of the writer.

Unfortunately the confessions of passing thoughts and of some evil doings caused many readers to treat the writer with a considerable amount of friendly contempt, the reputed contempt of the valet for his master, even when they took him to their hearts. Hence arose the ridiculous idea that he was a mere busy-body and an early Paul Pry. Of late, certain men who could see farther than the ordinary readers have rejected the belittling of a man of ability and distinction. The improved position held by Pepys in popular esteem has been greatly helped forward by the increased public interest in the Navy, and my friend Dr. J. R. Farrer, by his valuable Descriptive Catalogue of the Naval MSS. in the Pepysian Library, has done much to show how well founded is this improved estimation.

If it be difficult to know ourselves, how much more difficult is it to know others. Pepys has laid his soul bare to us, and we think we know him thoroughly, but is this so? After all, the more a man confesses and lays his soul bare, the more difficult it really is to know him, because the inconsistencies stand out so strongly that we cannot decide what is permanent character and what is merely temporary sentiment. On this point Robert L. Stevenson writes: "Not then for his own sake only, but as a character in a unique position, endowed with a unique talent and shedding a unique light upon the lives of the mass of mankind, he is surely worthy of prolonged and patient study."

Samuel Pepys.

From the painting by Sir Peter Lely in Magdalene College, Cambridge. By permission of the Master and Fellows, and of Messrs. George Bell & Sons. From Mr. H. B. Wheatley's Edition of the Diary.

From "Samuel Pepys," by Percy Lubbock. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Three characteristics of the man stand out so distinctly that there can be no difference of opinion respecting them:

(1) He was an excellent official, in fact one of the most admirable England ever had. The work of his life was done with a thoroughness that few could emulate. He entered office completely ignorant, and by continuous labour he managed in a few years to obtain a thorough knowledge of his business and to bring his work to a high degree of efficiency. He was always equal to the great occasions of life. From the time he became the active official of the Navy Office until his

* "Samuel Pepys, Administrator, Observer, Gossip." By E. Hallam Moorhouse. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

† "Samuel Pepys." By Percy Lubbock. Literary Lives Series. 3s. 6d. ▲ (Hodder & Stoughton.)

From the painting by Hales. **Mrs. Samuel Pepys**

"Mr. Hales began my wife's portrait in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peters, like a St. Katharine. While he painted, Knipp and Mercer and I sang."—Pepys's Diary.

From "Samuel Pepys," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Chapman & Hall.)

death his one main interest was the advancement of the Navy, yet he lived every hour of his life, and still had time for every pursuit that interested him, and he seems never to have lost his enthusiastic vitality. He also exerted great influence over all with whom he came in contact.

During the five years he was out of office as Secretary of the Admiralty (1679–84) the condition of the Navy became so bad that he had to be called in to set things right and to reorganise our naval affairs. He had a poor opinion of the members of the Navy Board, and no doubt he was justified in this opinion. He had method and was so capable a man himself that he was impatient of the incapacity of others. Penn and Batten were doubtless good sailors, but they were incompetent in the office. Although he eased his mind in the secrecy of his Diary, there is no reason to believe that he was not fairly friendly with his colleagues in their daily intercourse.

(2) He was a man of taste and a collector in advance of his time. He collected an interesting library, kept it in excellent order, bound all his books well and some beautifully, gathered together a large number of fine engravings, portraits, and views, and made provision for their continuance as one collection by desiring his heir to make arrangements, for depositing them at Magdalene, Cambridge—his old College.

I do not like to differ from a former Pepysian Librarian, but I do not think Mr. Lubbock quite enters into the feelings of the collector. He says:

"With all its intrinsic interest it [the Library] seems designed to be looked at rather than to be used. It is these very details, no doubt, which most account for its personal savour, such excess of precision being obviously the mark of an individual taste; but they also, by the same token, give the collection the air of being dressed up for exhibition."

Now from appreciation of Pepys gained by knowledge of both the Diary and the Library, I hold that he was as thorough and complete a booklover as ever lived. He loved his books for themselves, but in gratitude he wished to see them well covered, well cared for, and well shown, not for mere display. It is true that some lovers of books are contented with a ragged regiment of volumes, but this carelessness is not to be commended.

It is rather the fashion to treat Pepys as a philistine, a man of common sense, but also to some extent commonplace. This is really unfair. He did not possess the higher imagination nor any appreciation of the higher flights of poetry, but of many distinguished men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the like may be said. We may take it for certain that the true musician must have a soul above the commonplace, and Pepys was unquestionably a musical enthusiast, as Sir Frederick Bridge calls him, and he confessed that "Musique is the thing of the world I love most."

From the painting by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery. Photo by Emery Walker, London. **Sir Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich.**

Always referred to by Pepys in the Diary as "my Lord."

"This afternoon I got my £50, due to me, for my first quarter's salary as Secretary to my Lord. . . ."

"At my Lord Sandwich's, where I was a good while alone with my Lord; and I perceive he confides in me, and loves me as he uses to do."—Pepys's Diary.

From "Samuel Pepys," by Percy Lubbock. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Great Fire of London: Ludgate Hill.

"Soon as I dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people, and horses and carts loaded with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another."—Pepys's Diary.

The Great Fire of London.

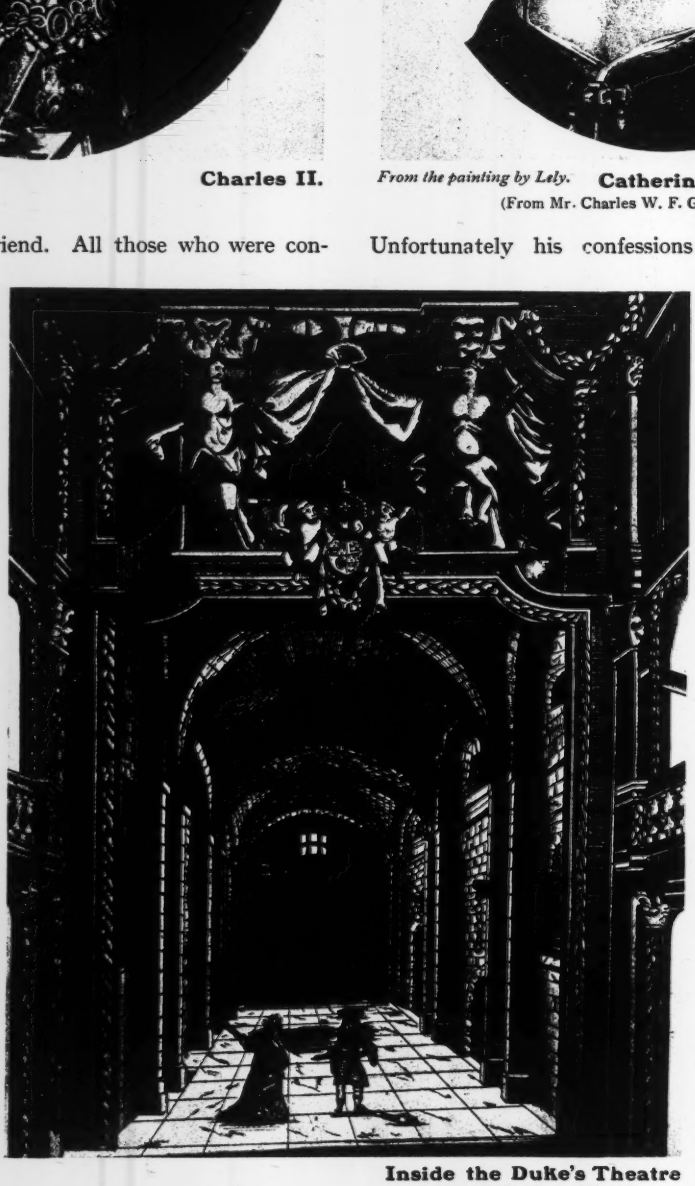
"So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire."—Diary, Sept. 2, 1666.

After the portrait by Kneller. **Charles II.**

From the painting by Lely. **Catherine, Queen of Charles II.**
(From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.)

(3) He was a true friend. All those who were connected with him through life and were worthy of his help succeeded in their avocations, although some of these are found fault with in the Diary. At times he was irritated with his brother-in-law Balty St. Michel, but Balty obtained good advancement in the Navy through Pepys's influence. He helped his brother loyally when that brother was in trouble, particularly at the time of the Popish Plot persecution.

This is much to be able to say of a public man, and may be taken as a set-off against some of his reprehensible actions for which we have only his own authority. One feels that one must not be too hard upon a man who confesses his sin. Unfortunately his confessions are usually without expressions of regret. We are let into secrets we were never intended to know, and therefore one feels in the same position as if reading a private letter of a man long dead, who acknowledges a discreditable action. You wish to forget it, and feel ashamed to know it.



Inside the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

[This view represents the stage as it was in Pepys's day.

"To the Duke of York's Playhouse, and there saw 'The Impertinents,' a play which pleases me still; but it is with great trouble that I now see a play, because of my eyes, the light of the candles making it very troublesome to me."—Pepys's Diary.

In trying to understand the man we have two things to help us—the Diary and the Library. Respecting the former, we know nothing from the outside, and therefore a large number of conjectures have been hazarded respecting it. It was kept up to date, and was not written without rough notes. It forms a beautiful MS. with little or no evidence in any of

the six volumes of what the writer calls writing "slubberingly." Mr. Lubbock writes:

"He kept it solely because he loved it. He nowhere hints that he has any other object in view, least of all the object of ultimately giving it to the world. Nor does he appear to have kept it for the future pleasure of reading it. He never once speaks of having turned back the pages to live the rapturous days over again—exactly the kind of thing he would have recorded if he had ever done so"

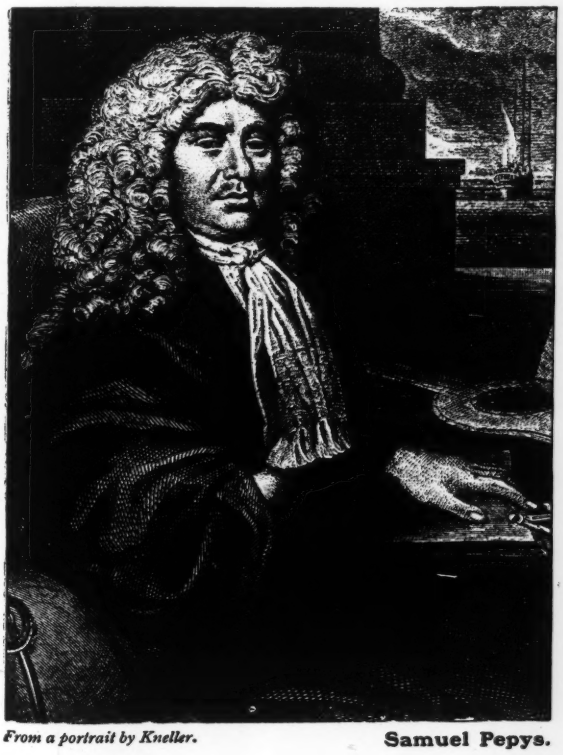
These are reasons that require consideration, but I don't think they are conclusive. Very probably Pepys had little time to read the pages while he was busy keeping them up, but in after days I picture him in his solitude reading them very constantly with the greatest pleasure. The volumes must have been locked up, for his clerks knew the shorthand, and could easily have read it. He kept the Diary secretly while he was writing it, and must have done so all his life. The further question why he did not destroy it before his death is difficult to answer. Probably, as he loved it, he postponed the date of destruction and left it just too late.

From Mr. Chas. W. F. Goss's Collection. **John Evelyn, Esq.**

"By water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me much excellent painting in little; in distemper, Indian incke, water colours; graveing; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzo-tinto, and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about Gardenage; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. . . . In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own that were not transcendant, yet one or two very pretty epigrams."—Pepys's Diary.

How can we describe the contents of the Diary? There is important historic information which throws great light on the early years after the Restoration, with its wars, plague, and fire, and there are the invaluable sketches of domestic life, habits, amusements, etc.

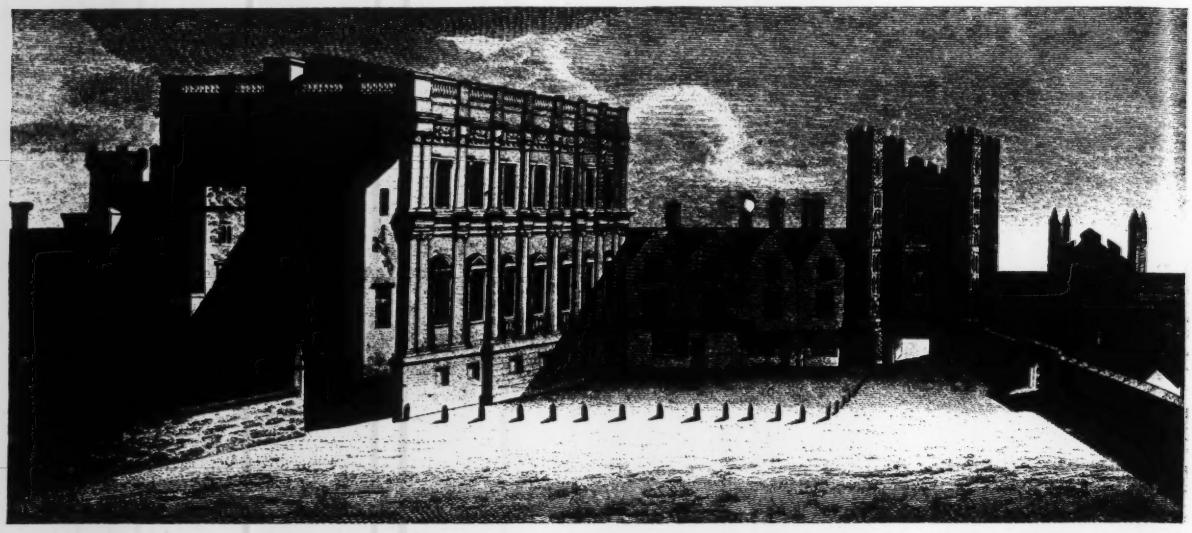
Lord Macaulay was a thorough-going lover of Pepys's Diary, and Sir George Trevelyan remembers his uncle taking him to see the old house on Clapham Common (now destroyed) where the diarist lived in his later days. All will remember Macaulay's



From a portrait by Kneller. **Samuel Pepys.**

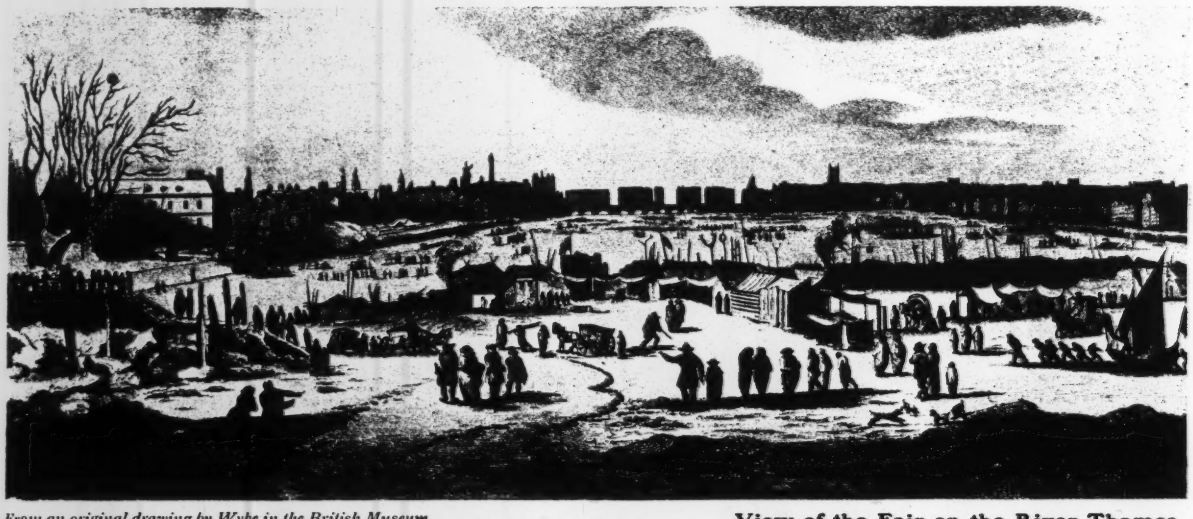
From the painting by John Riley in the National Portrait Gallery. Photo by Emery Walker, London. **James II.**

From "Samuel Pepys," by Percy Lubbock. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



The Palace of Whitehall, as it was in Pepys's time.

Showing some of the more ancient remains of the Palace, adjoining the Banqueting Hall, and the celebrated gateway designed by Hans Holbein.

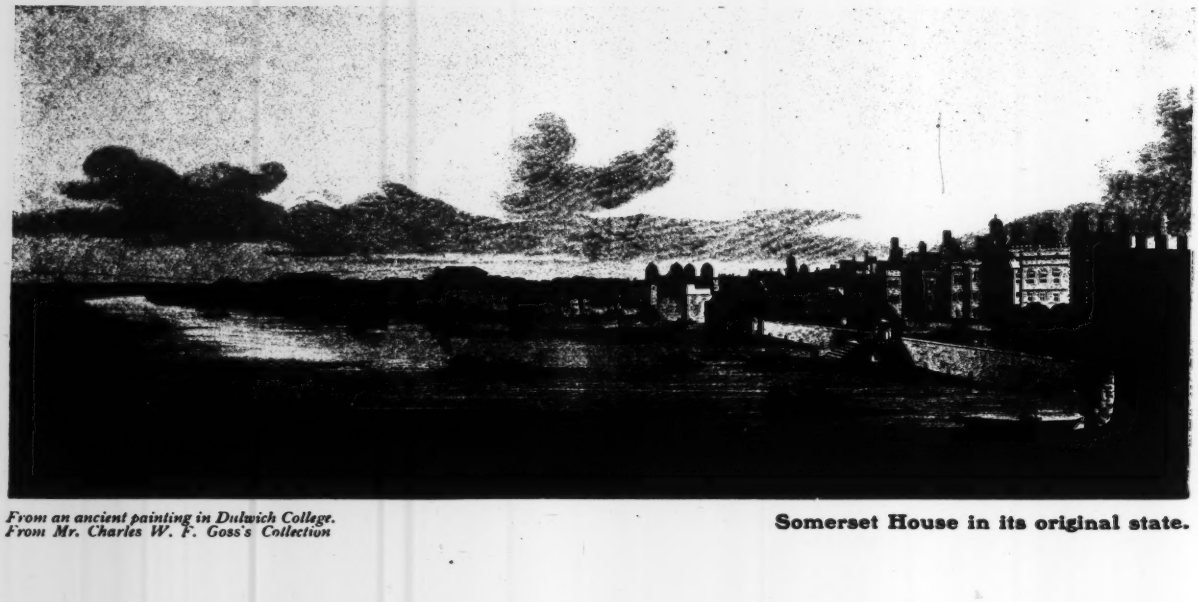


From an original drawing by Wyke in the British Museum.
From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.

Taken near Temple Stairs.

View of the Fair on the River Thames, during the Great Frost in 1683-4.

"1683-4. January.—9th. I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts and horses passed over.
"16th. The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the City."—Diary of John Evelyn.



From an ancient painting in Dulwich College.
From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection

Somerset House in its original state.

Anne, Duchess of Albemarle.

"At noon Sir W. Batten, Col. Slingsby and I by coach to the Tower, to Sir John Robinson's, to dinner; where great good cheer. High company: among others the Duchesse of Albemarle, who is ever a plain homely dowdy."—Pepys's Diary.

From a picture by J. Richardson. From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.

Ann Oldfield, the actress.

From the painting by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery. Photo by Emery Walker, London.

Duchess of Cleveland (Lady Castlemaine).

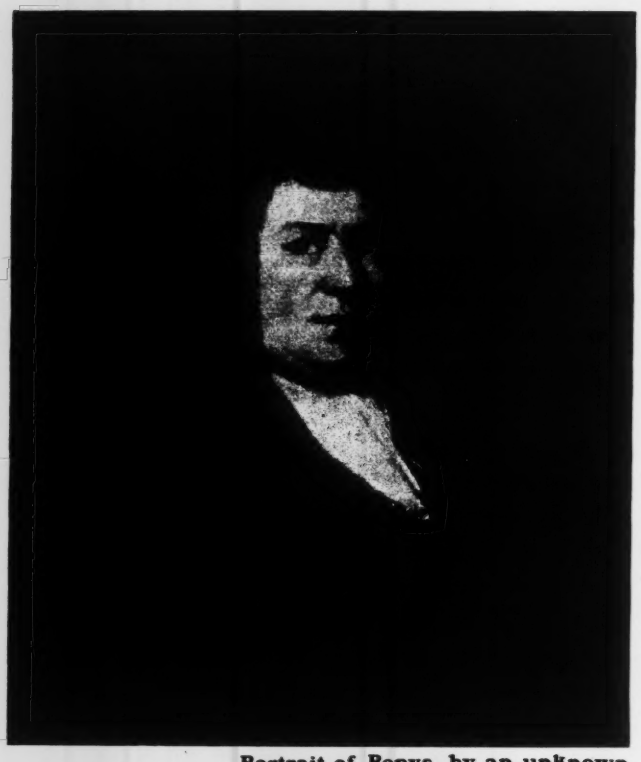
"Here, among other pictures, saw the so much desired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture; and one that I must have a copy of."—Pepys's Diary.

From "Samuel Pepys," by Percy Lubbock. (Hodder & Stoughton)

From the painting by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery.

Nell Gwynn.

"We sat in an upper box, and the jade Nell came and sat in the next box; a bold merry slut, who lay laughing there upon the people: and with a comrade of hers, of the Duke's house, that came in to see the play."—Pepys's Diary.



Portrait of Pepys, by an unknown painter, at the Admiralty.
From "Samuel Pepys," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Chapman & Hall.)

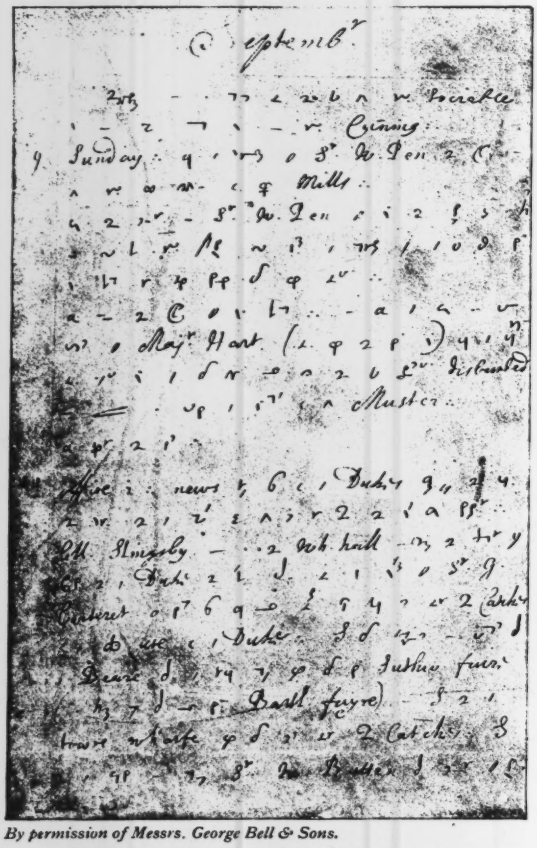
vivid dream that the Diary was a forgery and his awakening with the bitter feeling that he had helped to deceive the public by his references and quotations. There are the little things set down in the Diary which give infinite pleasure to most readers, but to some seem frivolous. Miss Moorhouse writes:

> "He dealt equally with large or small matters with that strange lack of the sense of proportion which distinguished many of the Royal Society's first quests of scientific knowledge."

What has proportion to do with a diary? What is written on the spur of the moment, day by day, must be out of proportion, and that is a merit. We constantly complain of historians or memoir-writers for not telling us what we want to know because the writer thought it unimportant and common to all. The sentence is equally unjust to the Royal Society, as proportion is a term of art and not of science. If scientific men had neglected the small matters, they would have missed half their greatest discoveries. The majority of us do not think there is too much set down but rather, like Oliver Twist, wish for more.

When I sent off for the press the last revise of the Diary after reading again and again proofs and revises, I felt I was parting from an old friend and keenly regretted that there were no further outpourings of his heart for me to read.

After the Diary was discontinued we are left entirely to our conclusions, and it is almost impossible



By permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons.

First Page of the MS. of Pepys's Diary
From "Samuel Pepys, by Percy Lubbock. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

From the painting by John Hales in the National Portrait Gallery. Photo by Emery Walker.

Samuel Pepys.

"To Hales's, and paid him £14 for the picture, and £1 5s. for the frame. This day I began to sit, and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's, and I sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by." —Pepys's Diary, March 17, 1666.

From "Samuel Pepys," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Chapman & Hall.)

From the painting by Kneller.

Sir Christopher Wren.

(From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.)

From the painting by Kneller.

Grinling Gibbons.

(From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.)

Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Sir Anthony Van Dyke, painted by himself.

(From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.)

"I was only pleased at a very fine picture of the Queene-Mother, when she was young, by Vandike; a very good picture of a lovely face."—Pepys's Diary.

Sir Peter Lely, painted by himself.

(From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.)

"After I had done with the Duke, with Commissioner Pett to Mr. Lilly's, the great painter, who came forth to us; but believing that I came to bespeak a picture, he prevented it by telling us that he should not be at leisure these three weeks; which methinks is a rare thing. And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner."—Pepys's Diary.

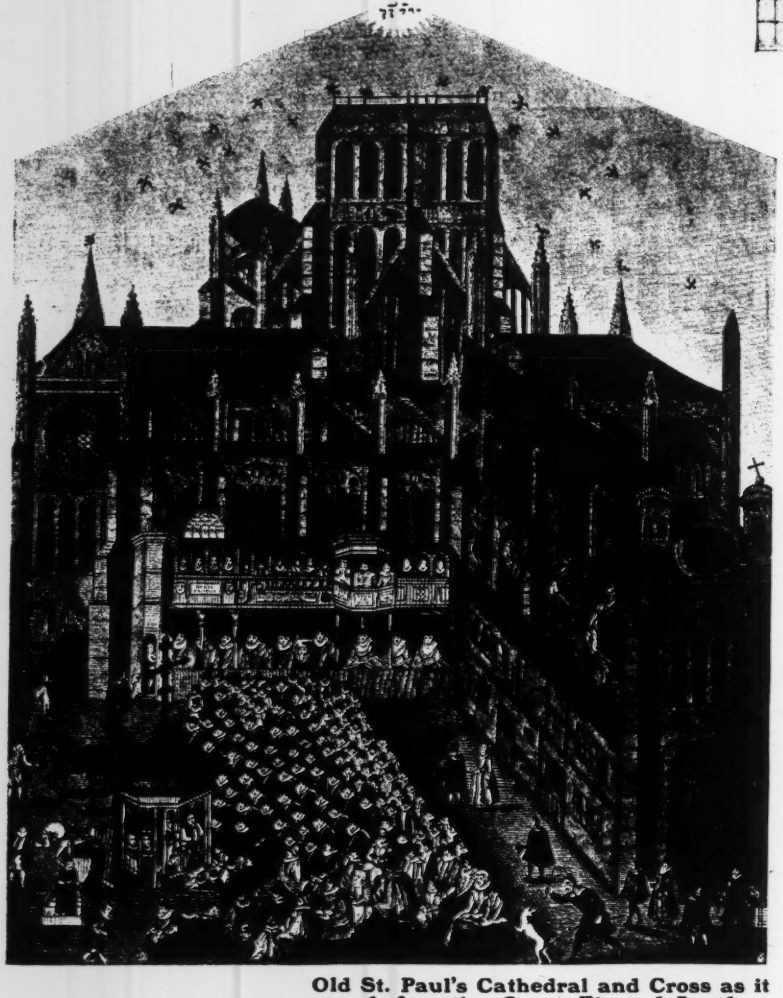
From a miniature by Lewis Crosse.

Samuel Pepys.
(In the Collection of the Duke of Buccleuch.)

to say anything for certain as to Pepys's character after 1669, but we believe that he mellowed and changed much in later years. His business increased and his circle of friends contained some of the most distinguished men of his time. The list of his correspondents is a very large one, and all of them esteemed him highly. There is every evidence of an honoured old age; the friends of his youth were the friends of his age, and a body of officials had arisen who had learnt all they knew from his teaching. He had more leisure than he wished for, but although after the Revolution he desired to return to the House of Commons, he was not wanted there by ministerialists, and old calumnies against him were revived.

Tomb of Mrs. Pepys in St. Olave's Church.

(From "London Town," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co.)



Old St. Paul's Cathedral and Cross as it was before the Great Fire of London.

When King James I. was received by the Lord Mayor, Sir William Cockaine, and preached to by Dr. John King, then Bishop of London.

He found peace and tranquillity in his library and amongst his friends. As past President of the Royal Society, there was a wide circle amongst the Fellows of men who honoured him. He was not treated well at the Revolution, but so intimate a friend of James II. could not expect much consideration from the new Government, and he was sent to the Gatehouse at Westminster. He was soon released on bail, when it was seen that he was no plotter nor a danger to the State. The Crown was in debt to him to the amount of £28,000, but he received neither pension nor remuneration of any kind after his enforced retirement. After the Revolution he lived fifteen years, being always ready to give good counsel for the welfare of the nation, and his old friends came to him when in difficulty to consult the "Nestor of the Navy."

All true lovers of their country and of their country's main defence will always hold him in the greatest honour.

After Faithorne.

Sir William Davenant.

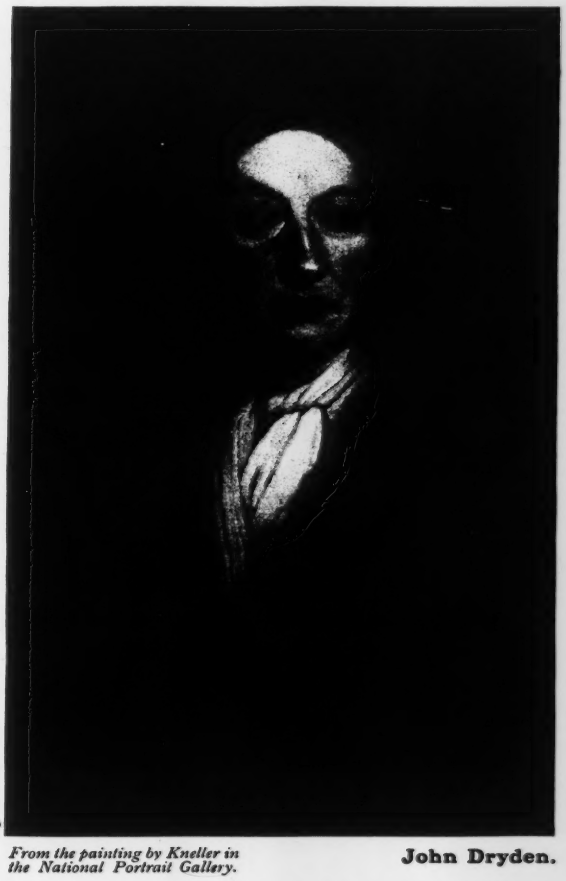
"I up and down to the Duke of York's playhouse, there to see, which I did, Sir W. Davenant's corpse carried out towards Westminster, there to be buried. Here were many coaches and six horses and many hacknies that made it look, methought, as if it were the burial of a poor poet."—Pepys's Diary.

Thomas Betterton.

"And so to the Duke's house; and there saw 'Hamlett' done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton."—Pepys's Diary.

Thomas Killigrew.

"The King dining yesterday at the Dutch Embassador's, after dinner they drank and were pretty merry; and among the rest of the King's company there was that worthy fellow my Lord of Rochester, and Tom Killigrew, whose mirth and raillery offended the former so much that he did give Tom Killigrew a box on the ear in the King's presence: which do give much offence to the people here at Court to see how cheap the King makes himself."—Pepys's Diary.



From the painting by Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.

John Dryden.

"I am very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's, upon the present war; a very good poem."—Pepys's Diary.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *March* 20, 1909.

WHEN I called on Mrs. Hodgson Burnett this afternoon in the roof garden of New York's latest Ladies' Club, which is nicknamed by New Yorkers "The Club for Millionairesses," I made an opening speech to the effect that English folk counted her one of the most attractive of all American authors.

"But," said she protestingly, "why do you call me an American author? What makes you think I am an American?"

"Why, you were born in America, were you not?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it; I was born in Manchester."

"Then it must be because you have lived so much in America."

"But I have lived in England quite as much," said she.

"Well, perhaps it is because the scene of your stories is usually in America."

"But" returned Mrs. Burnett with an air of triumph that left my patriotic theory without a leg to stand on, "my stories have far more often an English setting than an American one."

Pepys's House in Buckingham Street, and the Water-gate.

From "Samuel Pepys," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Chapman & Hall.)

So I had to admit America could lay only an ill-supported claim to Mrs. Burnett. I fancy, however, that most of her admirers, both American and English, have, somehow or other, got the same impression of her nationality as did I.

Just now, as it happens, America's claim to her is stronger than it has been for many years, for the reason that Mrs. Burnett has lately had to give up her charming home near Tunbridge Wells, in which she has been accustomed to spend about half her time each year. At present she is living in a village near New York, and is preparing a new home for herself on Long Island.

The Navy Office in Crutched Friars as it was in Pepys's Time.

From "Samuel Pepys," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Chapman & Hall.)

Of literary work, Mrs. Burnett has not done much since she finished writing "The Shuttle," which has been one of her greatest successes on both sides of the ocean. At present she is writing a story called "Barty Crusoe," which is meant for the delectation of little children of about five years old. (In "Who's Who" this authoress gives as her favourite recreation "improving the lot of children.")

"Barty Crusoe" is an elaboration of some stories Mrs. Burnett used to tell to her own

From the painting by Lely in the Town Hall, Exeter.

George Monk, Duke of Albemarle.

George, Duke of Buckingham.

From the painting by Kneller.

Sir William Coventry, Commissioner of the Admiralty.

From the painting by Lely in the possession of the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

All Hallows, Barking.

"I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; everywhere great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore went down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it."—Pepys's Diary.

son Vivian when he was a little boy, and by a coincidence, which would, I dare say, have startled more than a little both the mother and the child could they have foreseen it, the story will shortly be appearing serially in a magazine now edited by this same son grown up. I mean the *Children's Magazine*.

Mrs. Burnett has also in her mind—indeed, she has been thinking of it for nearly two years now—another child's story. This will be for older children, and will appeal to the same type of readers who delighted in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Another of Mrs. Burnett's literary plans has to do with publishing rather than writing. This plan is to incorporate into one book for the American market two stories which have always been so offered to English people, but which have hitherto appeared in America under separate covers. What was in England "The Making of a Marchioness" was in America known half by that title and half by the name of "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst." Hereafter the two will stand amalgamated under the former title.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, like Mrs. Burnett, is an author whose nationality it is a little difficult to determine. She was born in this country, but she lives much in England, and made her first reputation there. This was as an actress. As an author, I fancy her fame is pretty equally divided between her native country and her adopted one.

Photo by Augusta A. Temple.

Seething Lane, in which Pepys lived, with Barking Church beyond.

["About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of newe cryes of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up; and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2,350."—Pepys's Diary.

Book-Plate of Samuel Pepys.

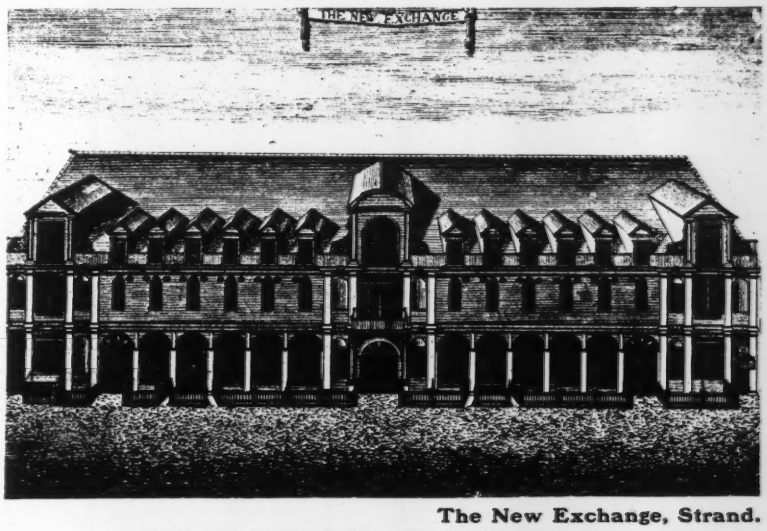
Her next book is to be ready for publication in the autumn, and will be called "The Florentine Frame"—rather a misleading title, since the locale of the story is an American university (obviously Columbia in New York City, I am told). This is how a friend of Miss Robins, who shares her confidence about the new story, describes it to me:

"'The Florentine Frame' is a long and powerful novel of life in an American university community. It deals with the fortunes of the wife of an elderly and influential professor and a young and ardent instructor, and describes how what is at first merely an intellectual intimacy ripens into romantic affection, without the realisation of the fact by either the man or the woman. The knowledge of how they feel toward one another is revealed to both only after the man has engaged himself to marry the young daughter of his patroness. The situation is a most dramatic one, and Miss Robins leads it to its climax very skilfully. The daughter discovers the truth after marriage and assumes, naturally, the control of succeeding events. The climax is one that satisfies both common sense and the romantic possibilities."

This friend goes on to say that in his opinion "The Florentine Frame" will stand easily at the head of Miss Robins's work.

A well-known New York publisher points out as a noteworthy fact that "the literature Americans read is more and more coming to be written by Americans," and as proof of this states that only one book of his present list is by an Englishman. One cannot but notice, on the other hand, that in the list of six "best sellers" which is issued month by month by the American namesake of this magazine, two names are those of Englishmen. These are W. J. Locke and Phillips Oppenheim, and certainly when two out of six of the most popular writers of the moment are of the nationality that spells honour with a "u," it is something of a terminological inexactitude to say that "the literature Americans read is more and more coming to be written by Americans." Indeed it must be plain, even to the most independent of us, that it will at best be some years before America is in a position to crawl out altogether from beneath the wing of her literary mamma.

In connection with the American "best sellers" who



The New Exchange, Strand.

As it appeared in Pepys's time, and so often mentioned by him.

"With my wife by coach to the New Exchange, to buy her some things; where we saw some new-fashion pettycoats of sarcenett, with a black broad lace printed round the bottom and before, very handsome, and my wife has a mind to one of them."—Pepys's Diary.

From a water-colour by G. Robertson. By kind permission of Mr. B. Corcoran, Churchwarden of St. Olave's.

South View of St. Olave's Church, Hart Street.

Showing the exterior staircase used by Pepys to gain access to the pew in the gallery specially reserved for the Navy Office.

Tomb of Samuel Pepys in St. Olave's Church.

(From "London Town," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co.)

are really American, the name of Robert Chambers comes inevitably to mind. I am afraid to say how many hundred thousand copies of his books are sold every year. At any rate, the figures are such as would make those in the English sales of even the most popular of English novelists look as weak and pitiful as an early Victorian spinster.

Robert Chambers is writing another book, but the title of this new story is as closely wrapped in mystery as the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask. This is because Mr. Chambers has had, I am told, a rather discouraging experience with titles. Time and again he has christened some book or story by what seemed to him a particularly suitable and alluring name, and then, either through coincidence or because the fairy godmother at the christening babbled, has seen the title appropriated by somebody else.

From the painting by Kneller. **Samuel Pepys.**

(By permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons, and the Master and Fellows of Magdalene College, Cambridge.)

"26th May (1703). This day died Mr. Samuel Pepys, a very worthy, industrious and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all which he performed with great integrity. When King James II. went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more; but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner, Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house, and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation."—Diary of John Evelyn.

Alfred Noyes is receiving a compliment which comes to few English poets at America's hands. This is to be the publication in this country of his book "Drake" by Messrs. Stokes. English poets have often, to be sure, been able to dispose of stray copies of their works in the United States, but Mr. Noyes is in a position of unusual good fortune in that his "Drake" is to appear in a separate American edition. This is all the more striking, moreover, in that it will be published with the imprint of a house not often given to issuing verse. I am told that Alfred Noyes and Stephen Phillips are more widely read over here than any other living English poets.

As for American poetry, readers complain these days that contemporary American versifiers are growing almost unbearable because of their affectations of metre. "They give us all Whitman's peculiarities with none of Whitman's charm," said an old-school critic to me the other day, adding, "The modern American poet turns out verses which in typographical appearance strongly resemble that quaintly shaped verse in 'Alice in Wonderland'—I don't for the moment recall its name—but I refer to that poem of which the first line contains a normal number of words, the second line something less, and the last few lines only one word each, so that the general effect is that of a tail dwindling away to a point. Much of the work of our contemporary poets presents nearly as curious an appearance."

One of the most peculiar literary developments in America of recent years is that which has to do with the scientific pursuit of health, both mental and physical. From Boston, for example, comes what is known as "The Emanuel Movement," with a plentiful literary accompaniment. It would ill become a layman to undertake to sum up in a few words the creed of this movement, and I can only say that I believe "The Emanuel Movement" has to do largely with the influence which mental peace has on physical health. However this may be, it is stated that the recently published leading book of this movement was the best selling non-fiction work of its day.

Another movement which to the unenlightened bears a certain resemblance to that from Boston is "Fletcherism." Horace Fletcher has become associated in the vulgar mind with a doctrine which has to do with thorough mastication. The frivolous-minded man in the street renders Fletcher's doctrine as follows: "If you want to go to heaven, chew!" and pretends that "Fletcherites" spend so much of their time in masticating their food that they are forced to forswear pretty well all other worldly activities. Needless to say, this point of view—as is usually the case with that of the man in the street—is wrong. Though chewing is the "Fletcherite's" battle-cry, his doctrine, I understand, comprises much besides, and one of its principal tenets is the importance of cheerfulness to him who wishes to preserve bodily health. As proof of the literary importance of the "Fletcherites," it is only necessary to instance the fact that, by one publisher alone, over twenty books have been published in a few years which would never have been written had it not been for "Fletcherism."

GALBRAITH.

THE CARLYLE LOVE-LETTERS.

By W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D.

I.

MR. JOHN LANE has published in two very handsome volumes, well and fully illustrated,* the love-letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh, edited by Alexander Carlyle, M.A. In his preface Mr. Carlyle justifies his action in a convincing manner. It is true that he has violated the injunction of Carlyle against the publication of the letters which passed between himself and Miss Welsh before they married. But, as he says, the injunction has been already violated, and what would have been rank sacrilege at one time has now in the altered circumstances become a pious duty. Froude read the letters, and printed one, besides giving extracts from thirty-three others. The love-letters printed in the present two volumes fill over 730 pages. They were read by Charles Eliot Norton and William Allingham as well as by Mr. Froude. Both Norton and Allingham condemned Froude's proceedings. Allingham wrote: "Carlyle's 'Life.' Melancholy book. F. has manipulated his materials cunningly." It is mainly for the correction of Froude's interpretation that Mr. Carlyle has thought himself bound to publish, and the monstrous outrage committed by the representatives of Froude since his death most fully justifies him. His editorial work has been done with the greatest care and exactitude. Perhaps once or twice Mr. Carlyle's German renderings might be improved. Thus in vol. ii. p. 153, "Verschmerzen werden wiss" is translated "We shall endure the smart of it." Should not this read "We shall get over it"? In vol. ii. p. 163, "So mache dich auf mein Kind!" is translated "So make haste, my child." Should not this read "So get ready to start, my child"? But on the whole the warmest praise is due to the pious labour of the editor.

* "The Love-Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." Edited by Alexander Carlyle, M.A. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 vols. 25s. net. (John Lane.)

We may discuss in connection with the book first the absolute literary value of the letters, and next the inferences to be drawn from them as to the feelings, the characters, and the prospects of the writers. There is much more to say on the second question than on the first.

It is needless to remark that the letters are very good letters. Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh were born artists in letter-writing. Their characteristic qualities appear in their slightest notes. But neither of them is seen at the very best in the letters which marked their troubled courtship. It may well be questioned whether any first-rate love-letters have ever been printed. Few books are more depressing than collections of love-letters of famous men and women. We have been reminded that in Abbé Hue's delightful books about China there is an anecdote of a schoolmaster who, having an opportunity of writing to his mother, ordered one of his scholars to prepare a suitable letter which in due course the schoolmaster fastened up and addressed without even looking at its contents. The printed love-letters even of men like Congreve and Farquhar often read like academic exercises. Perhaps the very best love-letters ever printed are those of Mary Wollstonecraft to Imlay. The correspondence between Carlyle and Miss Welsh was carried on under extraordinary difficulties. Miss Welsh's mother, who did not favour Carlyle's advances, insisted on reading his letters after a certain stage, and it would even seem that she read her daughter's letters, for expressions of endearment were mostly put into foreign languages which Mrs. Welsh did not understand. In any case the mere feeling that a love-letter is to be read by some one other than the person addressed must be stiffening and cramping. There are many sentences and passages in these letters which do not suggest the liberty of the unhampered heart. Also Miss Welsh was

From a drawing by Daniel Maclise, R.A. **Thomas Carlyle, aet. 36.**

From "The Love-Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." (John Lane.)

not willing for a long time to commit herself to Carlyle. It is easy to see that the end was inevitable if the lover persevered, provided that no more eligible suitor appeared on the scene. Carlyle persevered and had his way. If he had been even a little less resolute, it is very likely that the correspondence would have taken end. But during the whole of the first volume, and even a part of the second, we are not reading the love-letters of an engaged couple. The letters may be called love-letters if one pleases, but neither of the correspondents would have made the admission at the time. After the engagement took place there were even more than the usual difficulties about ways and means. In truth the real love-letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle were mostly written at Craigenputtock: a certain number were written in London. But the pure joy and abandonment of love is best found in her letters to her husband in the first years of their marriage.

II.

The letters, however, throw a strong, vivid, and welcome light on the history of this remarkable pair. They relate to the mind as much as to the heart. It hardly seems over-bold to say that any one knowing these letters and knowing naught besides might forecast with a wonderful degree of accuracy the story of the Carlyles. Such a reader might anticipate a hard-won and costly eminence for Carlyle; he would probably say that with all her dazzling gifts Jane Welsh had no chance of achieving literary fame in the ordinary manner; he would predict, I think, even fiercer collisions than those that actually took place between the two. In particular, he would be quite certain that when such friends parted, it would be the survivor who died.

Mr. Carlyle shows much good sense and good feeling in his treatment of the various episodes that come up in this correspondence. On one point only we decidedly differ from him, and it is but fair to say that on the controverted question he pronounces no dogmatic opinion, and gives the evidence on the other side.

III.

We may enumerate a few of the points that are either brought out for the first time or brought out more clearly in these letters.

The most wonderful thing is that Carlyle evidently fell in love with Miss Welsh at their first meeting. He was taken to Haddington by Edward Irving in 1821, and he wrote immediately to his brother: "I came back so full of joy, that I have done nothing since but dream of it." It is clear that Miss Welsh received him with effusion. She was only twenty then. Carlyle wrote to her immediately after his return to Edinburgh, on June 4, 1821, a letter commencing "My dear Friend." He gives her advice about reading, and then says:

"Positively, I must see you soon, or I shall get into a very absurd state. And then if I should come to visit Jane herself professedly, what would Jane say to it? What would Jane's friends say? Would to Heaven some authorised person would 'force me to go voluntarily'!"

He asks her to write to him and say whether she has "ever deigned to cast one glance or recollection on those few Elysian hours we spent together lately."

"No doub' you may refuse me; you may even forbid me to repeat such questions. But it will be *very* cruel if you do: and even then there will be one inalienable comfort left me—the comfort that no man, woman, or child can hinder me to cherish 'within the secret cell of the heart,' as long and as tenderly as I please, those sentiments of deep and affectionate interest, which I have thought meet to conceive towards you.... Excuse my impertinences. You see I never dream of remembering that we have not yet been quite twenty years acquainted. It seems as if we had known each other from infancy upwards, and I were simply your elder Brother. You would cut me to the quick of the heart, if you took offence at this. But you will not, I know. *Addio, Donna mia cara.*"

This is pretty well for a beginning. Further on in their correspondence Miss Welsh gives him her own impressions:

"Our meeting forms a memorable epoch in my history; for my acquaintance with you has from its very commencement powerfully influenced my character and life. When you saw me for the first time, I was wretched beyond description; grief at the loss of the only being I ever loved with my whole soul had weakened my body and mind; distraction of various kinds had relaxed my habits of industry; I had no counsellor that could direct me, no friend that understood me; the pole-star of my life was lost, and the world looked a dreary blank. Without plan, hope, or aim, I had lived two years when my good Angel sent you hither. I had never heard the language of talent and genius but from my father's lips; I had thought that I should never hear it more. You spoke like him; your eloquence awoke in my soul the slumbering admirations and ambitions that *His* first kindled there."

These passages make hopeful reading, and the impression of them is not reversed by the worst things that happened after. In short, there was true love from the beginning and to the end between Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh, although the course of that love often ran rough.

Though Miss Welsh was only twenty when she met Carlyle, she was by no means without experience in affairs of the heart; her experience was somewhat in excess, for she had already been engaged. George Rennie had been her fiancé, but he went abroad to study art, and proved himself a faithless lover. She says herself playfully that her first love occurred when she was only nine years of age, and this love is described as deep, overpowering, transcendent, and never to be forgotten. In a letter already published in the "Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle," she enumerates among her list of lovers George Rennie, James Aitken, Robert MacTurk, James Baird, Robby Angus. In fact she seems to have been as much courted as Mrs. Nickleby.

"'Suitors, my dear!' cried Mrs. Nickleby, with a smile of wonderful complacency. 'First and last, Kate, I must have had a dozen at least.'

"'Mamma!' returned Kate, in a tone of remonstrance.

"'I had, indeed, my dear,' said Mrs. Nickleby; 'not including your poor papa, or a young gentleman who used

to go at that time to the same dancing-school, and who would send gold watches and bracelets to our house in gilt-edged paper (which were always returned), and who afterwards unfortunately went out to Botany Bay in a cadet ship—a convict ship I mean—and escaped into a bush and killed sheep (I don't know how they got there), and was going to be hung, only he accidentally choked himself, and the government pardoned him. Then there was young Lukin,' said Mrs. Nickleby, beginning with her left thumb and checking off the names on her fingers, 'Mogley—Tipslark—Cabbery—Smifser——'

"Having now reached her little finger, Mrs. Nickleby was carrying the account over to the other hand, when a loud 'Hem!' which appeared to come from the very foundation of the garden wall, gave both herself and her daughter a violent start."

I am far from wishing to make a joke of a very serious matter, but like Mrs. Nickleby, Miss Welsh was not able to give a full list of her suitors, and it may be doubted whether she was willing. The relations between herself and Edward Irving make one of the most controverted topics in her history. Mr. Carlyle is not inclined to minimise them. But he thinks that Miss Welsh's love for Irving was a mere girlish fancy. Edward Irving was Jane Welsh's teacher when she was only ten and he was nineteen. This was in 1811. In 1812 Irving went to a school at Kirkcaldy, and fell in love with the minister's daughter, Miss Isabella Martin, and became openly and formally engaged to her. The story has been that Irving wished to break off his engagement with Miss Martin after seven or eight years in order that he might marry Miss Welsh. Mr. Carlyle says:

Jane Welsh, aet. 25.

From the miniature by Kenneth Macleay, R.S.A., now in the possession of Mr. Alexander Carlyle, Editor of "The Love-Letters." Reproduced in colour in the volume.

From "The Love-Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." (John Lane.)

"Happily for Irving's good name there is no positive proof, no probability even that he seriously attempted to break his engagement. At the worst it is only doubtful, and Irving ought in fairness to have the benefit of the doubt."

I cannot accept this conclusion. It appears plainly to be refuted by the utterances of Miss Welsh and Irving himself. Mrs. Montagu, as has long been known, wrote to Jane Welsh during her engagement urging her to tell Carlyle before her marriage that she had once loved Edward Irving. "There must be no Blue-beard's closet in which the skeleton may one day be discovered." On this Miss Welsh wrote the following letter to Carlyle:

"Templand, Sunday, '24 July, 1825.'

"My Dearest,—I thought to write to you from this place with joy; I write with shame and tears. The enclosed Letter, which I found lying for me, has distracted my thoughts from the prospect of our meeting, the brightest in my mind for many months, and forced them on a part of my own conduct which makes me unworthy ever to see you again, or to be clasped to your true heart again. I cannot come to you, cannot be at peace with myself, till I have made the confession which Mrs. Montagu so impressively shows me the need of.

"Let me tell it then at once. I have deceived you,—*I* whose truth and frankness you have so often praised, have deceived my bosom friend! I told you that I did not care for Edward Irving; took pains to make you believe this. It was false: I loved him—must I say it—*once* passionately loved him. Would to Heaven that this were all! it might not perhaps lower me much in your opinion; for he is no unworthy man. And if I showed weakness in loving one whom I knew to be engaged to another, I made amends in persuading him to marry that other and preserve his honour from reproach. But I have concealed and disguised the truth; and for this I have no excuse; none, at least, that would bear a moment's scrutiny. Woe to me then, if your reason be my judge and not your love! I cannot even plead the merit of a *voluntary* disclosure as a claim to your forgiveness. I make it because I *must*, because this extraordinary woman has moved me to honesty whether I would or no. Read her Letter, and judge if it was possible for me to resist it.

"Write, I beseech you, instantly and let me know my fate. This suspense is worse to endure than any certainty. Say, if you *can*, that I may come to you, that you will take me to your heart after all as your own, your trusted Jane, and I will arrange it as soon as ever I am able; say no, that you no longer wish to see me, that my image is defaced in your soul, and I will think you *not unjust*. Oh that I had your answer! Never were you so dear as at this moment when I am in danger of losing your affection, or what is still more precious to me, your respect.

"Jane B. Welsh.

"[*On the cover, in Miss Welsh's hand:*] 'One enclosure only.' Beneath which words Carlyle has written, in his later handwriting (*circa* 1869):

"'Some of Mrs. Montagu's *nonsense* (Pff!).'"

Miss Welsh wished to visit Irving in London after his marriage. He made various excuses about the unprepared state of his house, etc., but to Miss Welsh he wrote:

"One thing more, my dear Jane, into your own ear. My dear Isabella has succeeded in healing the wounds of my heart by her unexampled affection and tenderness; but I am hardly yet in a condition to expose them. My former calmness and piety are returning. I feel growing in grace and in holiness; and before another year I shall be worthy in the eye of my own conscience to receive you into my house and under my care, which till then I should hardly be."

To me this statement seems decisive, but it must be allowed that Irving even as an engaged man was always ready for a flirtation. For example, he made up to Miss Margaret Gordon, who has hitherto been supposed to be

the original for Carlyle's Blumine. It seems that when Margaret refused Carlyle she was engaged, though it is doubtful whether she was satisfied with her lover. Irving corresponded with her, and she wrote :

"What a noble character is Mr. Carlyle ! Nature has endowed him with many a rare and valuable gift. . . . I have no hesitation in saying the correspondence of one with a mind so richly gifted would be pleasant and improving to me ; but it would be unfair. I may write to Mr. Irving, because no evil can result from the interchange of friendship, he being under an engagement, and I in no danger of falling in love with any one, least of all with my quondam Teacher."

Of Isabella Martin, Irving's devoted wife, it would be well to refer to a long article by Mr. Kegan Paul which appeared in the *Athenæum* when the Carlyle controversy was at its height. That Miss Welsh's wound was cured at once and very easily is proved by the following passage :

"When at Haddington immediately before his wedding, Irving invited Miss Welsh to come to London and pay a visit to him and his wife. Miss Welsh accepted with exuberant delight, and waited long and impatiently for him to fix the date of the visit."

Mr. Carlyle rightly says : "Overjoyed, forsooth, at the idea of being the guest of her 'lost lover' and of having for hostess her successful rival ! "

But Irving's nature was far deeper than Mrs. Carlyle's, and the strange and sad wreck of his career may have been due far more than is supposed to a deep wound in his affections.

Edward Irving.

From a photograph which hung in Carlyle's dressing-room at the time of his death.

From "The Love-Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." (John Lane.)

Carlyle too had his day. Jane Welsh was not his first love. His first love was Jean Johnston, who became the reigning beauty of Annan. Was this the daughter of the Secession minister at Ecclefechan ? I have not been able to lay my hands on Carlyle's pathetic acknowledgment of his deep affection for her.

IV

In the second volume, when the preparations for the marriage are being practically discussed, there is the frequent flash of swords. Miss Welsh writes to Carlyle early in the year which preceded their marriage :

"I love you, I have told you so a hundred times ; and I should be the most ungrateful and injudicious of mortals if I did not ; but I am not *in love* with you ; that is to say, my love for you is not a passion which overclouds my judgment, and absorbs all my regard for myself and others. It is a simple, honest, serene affection made up of admiration and sympathy, and better, perhaps, to found domestic enjoyment on than any other. In short, it is a love which *influences*, does not *make* the destiny of a life."

Carlyle replies later :

"Shall I confess it, dear as you are to my heart, I feel that I do not love you with a tithe of that affection which you might merit and obtain from me. It seems as if I *dared* not love you ! That nobleness of nature, that generous tho' aimless striving for perfection, attracts me towards you as with the force of fascination : but my understanding seems to call upon me to beware, seems to tell me that situated and intentioned as we are, it can be for good to neither of us. A thousand times have I denounced the artificial misdirection and delusions that deface the pure celestial ardour of your soul ; a thousand times have I wished that you had been some humble maiden with no possession, no accomplishment, but the ethereal spirit, the true fervent heart, which Nature gave you ; that you might have joined with me, mind and hand, in the great and only right pursuit of life, the *real* not *seeming* perfection of our characters, the proper guidance and contentment of the faculties that Providence has committed to our charge."

I have not been able to touch on many points of the utmost interest and importance. These volumes are a mine of entertainment and instruction, a permanent addition to English literature, and better adapted to provoke friendly discussion than any other book I have read for long. For example, Mr. Carlyle argues plausibly that Jane Welsh was Blumine. It is impossible to doubt that there was a true affection between Carlyle and Jane Welsh almost from the hour they met, but at the time of marriage neither of these proud and fierce spirits had surrendered to the other.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best brief quotation from English literature asserting the superiority or inferiority of woman to man.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to BERTRAM J. SAUNDERS, 104, Berw Road, Pontypridd, Glam., for the following:

SOME ONE PAYS. By NOEL BARWELL.

"I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
'Awake my Little ones, and fill the Cup.'"
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

We select from the many other quotations received:

THE MAN WHO LIVED. By BERYL TUCKER.

"The man recovered from the bite.
The dog it was who died."—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(Mrs. Moss, Bletsoe Rectory, Bedford.)

MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE. By P. LOWELL.

"I will make a Star-chamber matter of it."
Merry Wives of Windsor.

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

THE COMBAT. By ARTHUR CAMPBELL.

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me downstairs?"
KEMBLE, *The Panel.*

(E. Ward, 80, King Street, Southsea.)

VALLADOLID, OVIEDO, SEGOVIA, ZAMORA, AVILA, AND ZARAGOZA. By A. F. CALVERT. (John Lane.)

"Hold, enough!"—SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, V. VII.

(V. Ford, 14, Woodland Road, Bristol.)

TYBURN TREE: ITS HISTORY AND ANNALS. By A. MARKS.

"And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."
BRET HARTE, *Society upon the Stanislaus.*

(Miss E. Bullock, Hillesden, Congleton.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best passage from English literature touching on the best or the worst of growing old has been awarded to MISS EVELYN M. ABBOTT, of The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire, for the following:

"As the disease of old age is epidemic, endemic, and sporadic, and everybody that lives long enough is sure to catch it, I am going to say, for the encouragement of such as need it, how I treat the malady in my own case. First, as I feel that, when I have anything to do, there is less time for it than when I was younger, I find that I give my attention more thoroughly, and use my time more economically than ever before; so that I can learn anything twice as easily as in my earlier days. I am not, therefore, afraid to attack a new study. I took up a difficult language a very few years ago with good success, and think of mathematics and metaphysics by-and-by. Secondly, I have opened my eyes to a good many neglected privileges and pleasures within my reach, and requiring only a little courage to enjoy them. You may well suppose it pleased me to find that old Cato was thinking of learning to play the fiddle, when I had deliberately taken it up in my old age, and satisfied myself that I could get much comfort, if not much music out of it. Thirdly, I have found that some of those active exercises which are commonly thought to belong to young folks only, may be enjoyed at a much later period. . . . But now let me tell you this. If the time comes when you must lay down the fiddle and the bow, because your fingers are too stiff, and drop the ten-foot sculls, because your arms are too weak, and, after dallying a while with eyeglasses, come at last to the undisguised reality of spectacles, if the time comes when that fire of life we spoke of has burned so low that where its flame reverberated there is only the sombre strain of regret, and where its coals glowed only the white ashes that cover the embers of memory—don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century if you can last so long."—O. W. HOLMES, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

Excellent selections have also been received from Miss Agnes H. Neill (Lytham), Miss Ethel M. Inglis (Harlesden), R. H. Smith (West Norwood), Mrs. P. E. Timms (Northampton), George C. Thomson (Callander), A. Whitehead (Leeds), Miss Hebditch (Saffron Walden), S. L. Ogilvie (Aberdeen), Rev. T. J. O'Connor (Ballinasloe), Miss E. Bullock (Congleton), and many others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to MISS JOSEPHINE EWING, 3, Free School Lane, Cambridge, for the following:

CROSSRIGGS. By MARY AND JANE FINDLATER. (Smith, Elder.)

The Miss Findlaters are at once broadly human and delightfully original, and "Crossriggs" is a most happy product of their powers. Their delicate insight and pathos is immeasurably removed from mawkishness—in fact, it is frequently relieved by a refreshingly caustic touch. All the characters stand out (the maid and children not least)—the plain, witty, self-sacrificing heroine, with her capacity for sustained work and suffering; the unconquerable optimism and incurable "faddism" of her father; the hero, a true Scot, self-contained and sensitive; and

finally Matilda, most womanly of women, neither clever, nor beautiful, nor heroic, and yet lovable.

We select also for printing:

A FRIAR OBSERVANT. By FRANCES M. BROOKFIELD. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.)

The Friar Observant gives an admirable sketch of German people, German life and German interests of the middle of the sixteenth century. Charged by the dying Earl of Lhanpylt to deliver his legacy to his daughter, the friar hastens to Germany and the Lady Anne. He records in lively strain the many misfortunes which befall him ere he is able to fulfil his promise. It is seldom that one meets with Martin Luther and his colleagues in a novel, and the author has very cleverly combined the problems of the theologians with the spirit of adventure.

(E. E. Solomon, 81, Alexandra Road, N.W.)

THE MAID OF FRANCE. By ANDREW LANG. (Longmans.)

The suit of Andrew Lang *versus* Anatole France is that of the personal *versus* the relative value of Jeanne d'Arc. Mr. Lang contends that she was never the tool of priests, and cannot be accounted for by her environment. His is the passionate vindication of a devoted chevalier. But he has achieved more than a controversial counterblast, and presents the Maid as a type of militant sainthood: triumphant in defeat; with the faith that removes mountains; moving glorious athwart the page of history with her eyes fixed on "the spiritual of the gross ugly picture" of her times.

(M. Windeatt Roberts, Chudleigh House, Bideford.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by J. W. Damant (East Cowes), D. Gill (Redcar), Rev. G. M. N. Hickey (Dukinfield), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss E. J. K. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), V. Ford (Bristol), Miss Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton), Miss B. O. Andrews (Scarborough), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Comrie), Charles Smith (Bootle), Miss Dorothy Gouldsmith (Shanklin), and G. E. Wakerley (Nottingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by LEONARD H. STOWELL, 64, Grafton Road, Acton, W.

New Books.

THE REAL BOSWELL.*

The handsome second edition of Boswell's Letters to Archbishop Temple's grandfather is practically a reprint of the first. So far as I can detect, the original notes by Sir P. Francis (the younger) are retained intact with scarcely an addition. Mr. Seccombe has supplied a brief introduction, but the original Introduction by Francis, to which in his notes he so often refers the reader back, has unfortunately been omitted. Now Mr. Seccombe professes to be highly satisfied with Francis's performances. I am not only dissatisfied but disgusted, and feeling that sooner or later these Letters must be carefully re-edited, regret that the present opportunity has been lost, and so will hardly recur for another generation.

Internal evidence to my mind leaves no doubt that the Letters are authentic. They were discovered in 1850 at Boulogne among a stock of wastepaper, but we are not told what has now become of them or why they have not been collated. The series extends from 1758 to 1795, from Boswell's eighteenth year to his death. Great as is their psychological value, to the general reader they must, until properly edited, be disappointing—and for two reasons. The deplorable long gaps in the correspondence (due, it is clear, to destruction of the MSS.) often occur at most important periods—one is from 1780 to 1787. And secondly, he will be surprised and vexed to find so very little about Johnson, who for long periods is never even mentioned, the first days of the famous friendship alone being dwelt on in detail. Moreover, the volume, as it stands, can give him but an imperfect and distorted view of Boswell's character and career. It must be read as a supplement to the other authorities.

I shall not here attempt an orthodox popular Boswell review, picking out the plums from the Letters—Mr. Seccombe has fairly cleared the meagre dish—that is, selecting, exaggerating, and distorting whatever can be wrested to the author's disgrace, then trying to make the old conventional view of his character look decently original, and after the usual depreciation winding up by patting the "Prince of Biographers" on the back with the usual enthusiasm. My object in seeking to review this book was simply to use it as the text for an earnest protest against what I venture to think the gross injustice, the undeserved insult, and the unreasonable depreciation with which from first to last a man of true genius and appealing humanity has been treated. And Francis and Mr. Seccombe, though neither of them the Prince of Detractors, shall be called as witnesses.

But first a word about Temple, who, also as Boswell's friend, is of course steadily depreciated by our two critics on very dubious grounds. The warm and life-long friendship of these college boys—a serious Warrington and a giddy Pendennis—is surely to their credit. Temple seems to have become a superior country parson after Miss Austen's heart, gaining good preferment and longing for better. Francis pronounces his voluminous works extinct, but Mr. Seccombe's industry has unearthed them all at Cambridge, and he dismisses them as dull. Probably they are. In those days clever clergymen wrote stupid books—it was expected of them. He prepared for publication selections from his replies to Boswell (mostly literary criticisms), but the project fell through, and his letters are lost. Francis's sneers let us pass by, and set down just two points to the credit of his virtues. We are taught that Boswell's idolatry of Johnson was mere vulgar notoriety-hunting, cringing servility—a case of the lion and the jackal, of the mangy cur and his noble master. Was it? Then how comes it that the friend of his youth, to whom to his last day he clung with unvarying respect and devotion, on whom he lavished his most secret confidences and all the unselfish, generous warmth of his heart, was—well, what was he? Illustrious? notorious? a prodigy? a lion? By no means. Simply an obscure country parson, but a man of rigid morals, high principles, conventional piety, of elegant and laborious learning. Is it then blasphemy to urge that what awed Boswell in his illustrious patron, what in his bosom friend charmed him—the taper flame which attracted this frail moth was the effulgence of moral and intellectual worth, the ideals to which he was loyal to the last, but ever approached in vain? Now, a plea for Temple. Why did Johnson so soon make a friend of that raw, tactless, indiscreet youth? Scotch immigrant too! For two reasons. He recognised, as the world does now, in the "contemptible buffoon" a rare and singular genius. But so did Temple—five years earlier. Secondly, as a moral philosopher, or humanist—if I may use the word in this

* "Letters of James Boswell to the Rev. W. J. Temple." With an Introduction by Thomas Seccombe, and 3 Portraits. 7s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

sense—he saw in Boswell what Fielding, what Sterne, what Dickens and George Eliot and Anatole France—what any great humanist would have seen at once—what a Macaulay or a Francis or any of their tribe could never have seen if it had been pointed out to them—the inner beauty, the natural grace which deforming faults and failings hid from the stolid or hurried observer. But so did Temple. Yet Boswell seems at first sight hardly a congenial or eligible friend for a bishop's pet parson. In short, Temple was neither a fool nor—a Francis.

An analysis of Boswell, much less a panegyric, shall not here be attempted. His faults and deficiencies are glaring. Nor have I Johnson's magnanimity to condone them. To a lover of contemplation, the restlessness of the man, his excitement, his boring inquisitiveness, his love of crowds, his coldness to the charms of poetry, nature, and art, his instability, his varying and fickle moods, his concernment in the passing fashions of opinion and manners, his place-hunting, his intemperance and much else would have been uncongenial, nay repulsive. My object is not to glorify him, but to expose what is perhaps the worst literary scandal of the nineteenth century, the Boswellian Legend or Boswellian Fallacy, foisted on us by confederated Whiggery, Giggery, and Puritanism, maintained through three generations by stupid bell-wether-following, and even to-day kept alive by deliberate misrepresentation or unconscious malignity.

Boswell had faults, the faults of his peculiar genius and environment. The very same faults, but of deeper dye, are condoned in men of far inferior merit. His have been raked up, grossly exaggerated and distorted, and from them, and them alone, a legendary Boswell has been built up—a monstrous Personification of Folly, a pitiful Homunculus, a Shocking Example, a butt for the insult and ridicule of every scribbling fool. Well, the real Boswell was no doubt what we call a "character"—not exactly an "eccentric," since his note was his absurd naturalness—but that he was more silly, vain, abject, and contemptible than many highly respectable householders there is absolutely no proof whatever. It is now so long ago that I went through the Johnson-Boswell literature that as usual the facts have faded, but my impressions and conclusions are still vivid. And clearest of all was my amazement at the dearth of evidence to support the legendary Boswell, and at the obvious misconstruction of certain oft-quoted passages and incidents.

Here is no room to trace the curious history of the Legend. Of course, in his lifetime Boswell incurred as much or more blame than he deserved. Johnson's predilection caused some jealousy. Boswell offended or bored most strangers, especially solemn humbugs. Some spiteful detractors, to wit Hawkins and his precious daughter, had secret grudges against the man. His boyish candour and heedlessness laid him open to attack. Another offence. "Poor Mr. Lang does try *so* hard to be Scotch," said one of his lady friends. Boswell tried as hard to be English. Each from very different, but very laudable, motives. The idealist Boswell, contented only with the best, ever thirsting for the fountain head, proud patriot though he was, found the Modern Athens of his day a little provincial. I fancy supercilious Cockneys, ungratefully enough, hated the Scotch interloper all the more for aping their copyright speech and manners. Finally, his literary success was a galling surprise. Well, the legendists have raked together every scrap of contemporary detraction. What does it all amount to when calmly judged? To no more than was, and is, said behind the backs of other misunderstood men of genius. However, this snowball, instead of melting like others, was steadily kept rolling and growing by a few hostile and strenuous hands, and by many careless and servile. Macaulay gave it the most vicious push, Macaulay, a man—no, not a man, a clever literary machine—who knew as little of the human heart as of radium, who could diagnose nothing in Boswell's case but an alarming want of Whig tone. His libel is not only insolent but ridiculous, for it flaunts the very faults it reprobates. Vain, shallow, impertinent, bigoted—brave words these! But I confess that I have always found the essayist, save when he forgets himself, an exasperating bore, which Boswell rarely is. For fifty years the Legend has reigned supreme—even Thackeray, who should have known better, joins the cry. Enough! The result was that in writing casually about Boswell, every literary person knew that it was enough to repeat the orthodox praises of the "Life," and ring the changes on some of the dozen or score of stock incriminating quotations and incidents. We are getting tired of them—as of Pepys' wigs, Byron's foot, and Goldsmith's peach-blossom coat. For the miracle is that if only the scribblers had looked up these famous passages they would find that all, or nearly all, have been grossly misrepresented, and will bear an innocent, sometimes a highly creditable, construction. Take off the green spectacles and just try.

Now turn we to these Letters. They are confided to Francis, clever, sensible Whig and blind follower of Macaulay. He knows his business. It is not to elucidate the many obscurities, or fill up the tremendous gaps, and bring out the good points. No, he is not editing Shakespeare or Milton. All he has to do is to ferret out, distort, and gibbet every passage which can bolster up the Legend and bring grist to the Macaulay mill. Mr. Seccombe, too, though his final estimate is sound enough, feels bound to borrow Francis's perversions and discover a few for himself.

A few of the many perversions by both editors which I had noted must be cited. Among various instances of vanity, they make great play with a phrase, "You see, I am really the *great man* now." Well, this occurs often, sometimes with the addition "as we used to say," which is of course carefully suppressed. Obviously, a mere playful allusion to some little old joke of college days. (See the infamous note, p. 119, on the harmless passage p. 121.) Whenever Boswell imparts his little triumphs and successes to his bosom friend, these superfine persons sneer at his vanity; if he confides his frailties and misfortunes *tutis auribus*, it is branded as shameless effrontery or puling drivel. Now take this veiled sneer (Francis, p. 136): "The subject of Boswell's wife in the next letter is touched upon in a very characteristic fashion." The fashion is really most seemly, beautiful, tender, and affecting. Yet Mr. Seccombe dares to write thus: "Nor was he free, it seems, in his unwonted constancy, from fits of passion or gloom, though he ascribes these outbursts, rather oddly, to his wife's great goodness. 'There is something childish in it, I confess.'" Read the passage, remembering that Boswell was always subject to attacks of nervous depression: "You cannot say too much to me about my wife. . . . I own I am not so much on my guard against fits of passion and gloom as I ought to be, but that is really owing to her great goodness. There is something childish in it, I confess: I ought not to indulge in such fits: it is like a child that lets itself fall purposely to have the pleasure of being raised tenderly up again by those who are fond of it. I shall endeavour to be better. Upon the whole I do believe I make her very happy. God bless and preserve her." And this profound and delicate sentiment strikes the critic as "rather odd"!

I strongly suspect Francis of foisting in italics of his own to distort Boswell's meaning. His very ignorance is often detracting. Says Boswell, "Were you as rich as Pliny, had you his fine seat,* your epistles would be as good." "* *Sic* in orig." comments Francis contemptuously, mistaking, I suppose, the famous villa for an easy chair or seat on horseback.

Cockney Francis, familiar with black mourning coaches, remarks: "The nineteen carriages, etc., following his wife's hearse certainly afforded the mourning husband no little satisfaction." This to prove "the littleness and vanity of his nature." A most venomous insinuation! Boswell, with perfect propriety, good taste and feeling, merely mentions

to his wife's old friend—as any Scottish gentleman then, or I suppose now, would do—the great respect paid to her memory, according to the customs of the country, by her neighbours and tenants high and low. The infinite littleness is that of Francis. Boswell was a fool and so a sinner, but he was magnanimous. He had at least a soul to save, even if he lost it. All through Francis steadily depreciates, sneers, and misrepresents. But let the above specimens suffice. Moreover, there is internal evidence (which Mr. Seccombe seems not to have noticed) that he omitted some letters—perhaps pruned and garbled others. And while, for instance, he fails to elucidate or comment on the invaluable letter signed N. N. R., he gives us five close pages of Newgate Calendar irrelevance on the disgusting Douglas Cause, and four on Mrs. Rudd the forger.

Such is the latest version of the Boswell Legend! Is it not time to read him with our own eyes and think for ourselves? If so, even in these careless, rambling letters we shall find some original thoughts—for instance, his discovery of the biographic art, and some pregnant sayings, one almost prophetic, "I have compared myself to a taper, which can light up a great and lasting fire, though itself is soon extinguished."

Y. Y.

SPENCER PERCEVAL.*

What exact purpose Mr. Philip Treherne had when writing this brief account of Spencer Perceval is not very clear. It contains nothing new in the way of material, nor does it put forward any fresh point of view; but it is so simply written and the author's attitude is so unassuming that the critic is disarmed. Mr. Treherne, it can be discerned, is well acquainted with the period of which he writes, and he may perhaps one day see fit to present us with a more elaborate work on the subject he has selected. Even as it is, a pleasant hour may be spent with the book by the general reader; though the historical student can scarcely be recommended to devote any time to the perusal of this bald narrative of a famous man's life.

Mr. Treherne, who, it may be said *en passant*, is a hero-worshipper, mentions how Spencer Perceval, though always interested in politics, could not take any active part in the game, owing to the necessity to make his living at the Bar and to provide for the future of his wife and twelve children. Our author goes on to say that "in the history of English politics Pitt shines as a solitary example of an early success in Parliament," which is a statement strangely inaccurate, for, without going any further, Pitt's great antagonist, Fox, took a foremost place in Parliament at the age of twenty-one. As a lawyer, Perceval met with success early in life, being engaged to prosecute for the Crown against Paine and Horne Tooke. Not long after the trial of the latter, Pitt offered him the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, which, however, not yet having amassed a sufficient fortune, he could not afford to accept.

At the age of thirty-four, in 1796, Perceval took silk, and began his Parliamentary career in the same year as member for Northampton. Though he made some reputation for himself in the House of Commons, it was still as a lawyer that he was best known. He was appointed Solicitor-General to the Queen, but, by the irony of fate, it was as adviser to that object of the Queen's hatred, the Princess of Wales, that he achieved something like fame. He appeared for the unhappy lady throughout what is known as the "Delicate Investigation," and in her name wrote the famous letter that occupied so large a portion of "*The* Book"—which volume, owing to the resignation of the Grenville Ministry, though printed, was never published. He stood by the Princess manfully, and Brougham, who later was to take up his task in the matter of the vindication of her Royal Highness, paid a handsome tribute to his memory, referring to him as "her firm, dauntless, and most able advocate."

Perceval made headway in Parliament, and in the Duke of Portland's administration of 1807 accepted the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, together with the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster—the emoluments of the first office being then so small that the advocate could not consider himself justified without further pecuniary advantages in resigning his lucrative practice at the bar. The Duke of Portland, now an old man, was a feeble Prime Minister, and there is an element of high comedy in the ensuing struggle between Perceval and Canning to succeed him. "I am not so presumptuous as to expect that you would acquiesce in that choice falling on me. On the other hand, I hope and trust that you will not consider it as any want of esteem and kindness on my part towards you personally . . . if I should not think it possible to remain in office under the change which would necessarily be produced in my situation by the appointment of a first Minister in the House of Commons—even in your person." So wrote Canning courteously, and not a whit less politely replied the other, equally decided not to serve under Canning. Canning kindly suggested that Perceval should allow himself to be "kicked upstairs" as President of the Council or even as Lord Chancellor; but Perceval had at present no hankerings after a peerage. Canning had to wait for his turn as Prime Minister through the long years of Lord Liverpool's administration, and Perceval in 1809 was called upon to form a Government. He was, as it has been frequently pointed out of late, the only practising barrister until Mr. Asquith who held the office of First Lord of the Treasury. He was a clever man and a capable administrator, keeping his party well in hand until his

* "The Right Hon. Spencer Perceval." By Philip Treherne. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

A posthumous portrait by George Francis Joseph, A.R.A.

The Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.

From "The Right Hon. Spencer Perceval." (Fisher Unwin.)

tragic death at the hands of the semi-demented Bellingham. He was honourable, and in those days was regarded even as fastidious in matters affecting his own interests; and it is much to his credit that he was the first Minister of whom it has been recorded that, being comparatively speaking a poor man, he declined to avail himself, to the great amazement of the House of Commons, of opportunities to appoint his children to lucrative sinecures.

Lewis Melville.

THE LURE OF EVE.*

Nothing in modern art, taking the word in its widest application, is so remarkable as the general excellence of technique. Modern methods of teaching are producing Paganinis and Paderewskis by the score. Each year's Academy contains acres of pictures technically admirable, but without originality or any underlying idea. The same thing is true of the novel, the only form of literature which has any genuine vitality to-day. Of the mass of new novels published every season very few are technically bad: even the beginners seem already to have mastered the mere mechanical difficulties of construction. "The Lure of Eve" is a first novel, and a very remarkable first novel; but it is not the absence of technical blemishes which lifts it out of the ruck. Rather it is something in the spirit in which it is written that compels attention. It is real work, vital and honest, written for the joy of writing; and such work is always rare.

Mrs. Edith Mary Moore.
Author of "The Lure of Eve." (Cassell & Co.)

The central idea is simple but adequate. Arthur Laine is a budding novelist, the man who is going to write great books. He is full of theories for the social regeneration of the world, a poor stock-in-trade for a novelist, and in these theories Woman plays a leading part. Unfortunately Laine, like most undergraduates who have just left the university, knows exactly nothing about women, and adopts the riskiest of all methods of gaining the necessary experience—marriage. He falls in love with a beautiful girl of conventional education and no mind, but quite ready to be the wife of a successful literary man and determined in any case to have what she wants, her chief wants being admiration and pretty frocks; and her husband, instead of finding in her the inspiration which he needs, is driven to write pot-boilers to satisfy her demands for the minor luxuries of life. The gradual disillusionment of the two is depicted with great skill, and the effect is heightened by the note of irony on which the book ends.

Mrs. Moore is less successful in the treatment of the minor characters; but the portrait of Lora, the real woman to whom Laine turns instinctively for help, is a sound piece of work. "The Lure of Eve" grips by the nervous intensity with which it is written. If Mrs. Moore will only be simpler and eschew any tendency to write "strong" scenes, she will have to be reckoned with in the near future.

* "The Lure of Eve." By Edith Mary Moore. 6s. (Cassell.)

AN ARCTIC PROBLEM.*

In ice-bound exploration—one of the most fascinating phases of adventure-discovery, and so far one of the least productive of material benefits that modern times have known—this expedition will probably stand out, in the annals of the whole, as one of the great-littles. It was great in project, little in comparative result; yet great in result compared to means. It had two great hearts and a shipload of enthusiasm as foundations; but their craft was a small one, in truth hardly fitted for what was expected of her; and the shifts that had to be made in order to raise the necessary funds were at times decidedly humorous, and, on the whole, as romantic as the small, back-street beginnings of a business that afterwards becomes a Bon Marché or a Whiteley's. The fact that Mr. Mikkelsen, on the very eve of their sailing from Victoria, B.C., had to give a public lecture for the means of paying their little personal debts in the place, is a fine joke—of a kind which only the enthusiastic explorer can truly appreciate. It must be counted to the honour of the Duchess of Bedford (after whom the adventurers rechristened their little schooner) and Mr. William Heinemann that they went to the financial rescue of these two all-daring young men, who had to be rescued in other ways before their experiences were over.

Extending along the north coast of Alaska, and reaching into the Arctic Ocean, Polewards, there is what is known as the Continental Shelf. This is really a slowly dipping part of the ocean-floor; and, since its first discovery, certain navigators and geographers have held the theory that this Shelf was the even bed of that sea of almost everlasting ice; in which case, working on the rule of the dip and rise of ocean-beds, there must be land further north and within reasonable distance. This was the problem which Mr. Mikkelsen and his friend and fellow-courageous, Mr. de K. Leffingwell, the scientist of the venture, went to solve, in a packet of 55·86 gross tonnage, built in Japan in 1877, for sealing. But they had other game to hunt on their way to that North, which has so wonderful a power to draw men again and again into its cold white fastnesses. In passing through the Behring Sea and other waters it was their intention to take soundings, and either to confirm or to correct charts wherever they could. This work was done; and much valuable data was gathered as to the "old ice" in the Beaufort Sea.

At last, after rather unusual difficulties and obstacles, they reached Flaxman Island, off the north coast of Alaska. There they went into winter quarters; and thence was made the sledge trip north, sounding as they travelled, by which they have proved that the Shelf extends only some thirty-five miles from the coast, and that the bed of the Arctic Ocean then deepens with uncommon rapidity from one hundred to six hundred metres. Thus, according to the usual run of sea-floors, and in spite of the legends of travellers coming over the Beaufort ice to Alaska from supposed lands in the further north, we are now pretty well assured that he who would strike land, say from Point Barrow and on a course between north-east and north-west, will have to travel a very long way. Then, at the end of that great short journey over the unusually difficult ice-fields of the Beaufort Sea, they had to leave the wreck of their little craft on the shore of Flaxman Island. There, too, with the natives, stayed Mr. Leffingwell; while Mr. Mikkelsen, to send relief to him, sledged all along the

* "Conquering the Arctic Ice." By Ejnar Mikkelsen. 20s. net. (Heinemann.)

Photo by J. Enami, Japan. **A Japanese Fire Display.**

From "Every-Day Japan." (Cassell & Co.)

coast, by the way of Icy Cape and Point Hope, and away down through Candle to Nome. From Candle he sent the relief; then, at home, he turned east, crossed the Alaskan range and fetched Valdez, in about 61° N. 147° W., whence he could easily get back to Victoria, B.C.

Throughout all this the strenuous explorers were ever busy in making notes on the thousand and one things, natural and unnatural, that fell in their way. From meteorological phenomena to matters human their observations ebbed and flowed; and, remembering the character of the Eskimo fifteen to twenty years ago, it is interesting to know, particularly in face of the fact that the betterment of a nation must lie so largely with its women, that "the women also have got other ideals in life than selling themselves to a whaler. They too have learned to read and write, to cook and sew, to keep the homes clean and tidy, and to take care of their children. They have learnt that a woman must be the wife of one man, must work with him and help him in whatever way they can. . . . And the tribe which . . . was rapidly disappearing under the influence of drink, disease, and starvation is now comparatively flourishing."

When they were about to enter the ice they had a most interesting meeting with Captain Ronald Amundsen, in the *Gjöa*, the smallest craft that ever compassed the North-West Passage, and very little bigger than the *Duchess of Bedford*. Captain Amundsen was then practically at the end of his successful double venture of getting through the Passage and of locating the Magnetic Pole, and one can easily understand how that meeting put fresh hope and courage into the hearts of those who were voyaging in from the west. On p. 282, vol. ii., of his "North-West Passage," Captain Amundsen mentions this meeting; and reading the two books together at this juncture is for all the world like living off Point Barrow amongst the explorers and the whalers.

The appendices supplied by Mr. De K. Leffingwell and Dr. G. P. Howe are of considerable value. The book is well indexed; the great quantity of reproduced photographs are beautifully clear, and the manner of telling the story is as simple as that of the Elizabethan voyagers.

J. E. PATTERSON.

THE FAR EAST AGAIN.*

To Mr. Arthur Lloyd's interesting book Count Tadasu Hayashi has written a short Introduction. In it he claims for the volume that it is more likely to be valuable than the work of native writers, because Mr. Lloyd (although resident for many years in Japan), being a foreigner, is likely to set down impressions which from familiarity the Japanese themselves might esteem unimportant and unworthy of notice. A very careful reading of "Every-Day Japan" has forced upon us the conclusion that the author may perhaps have resided too long in the country, and that the fault of omission which Count Hayashi attributes to native writers is just the fault that has overtaken Mr. Lloyd. He leaves too much to the imagination, and his work therefore appears lacking in sympathy and the quality which has come to be known as "atmosphere."

It goes without saying that in the 350 pages which he fills, and the three interesting appendices, there is much of real value. But there are many books amongst those already published which have the saving quality of "intimacy" even when dealing with and describing things already known about Japan and its people, which the volume we are now noticing lacks. There are valuable statistics in it, there are numbers of interesting facts stated, and occasionally one comes across something quite fresh, something of permanent value, something "well and tersely put." But the impression left upon one's mind is not a complete picture of a country or a race. One feels that one has been standing all the while outside the national life as an observer of its differences and development rather than as a participator in these things.

The industrial life and industries of Japan, with which it is obvious Mr. Lloyd is well acquainted, are dealt with somewhat superficially. And the same remark applies to the colourless description of the festivals which play so important a part in the national life even of to-day, though less so (as the author remarks) than formerly. On p. 189 *et seq.* we have much said of "street cries," but instead of telling his readers what they are and describing them—the plaintive, haunting cry of the blind masseuse, for example—which would be interesting—the writer contents himself with stating that there are cries, which is certainly not illuminating. Nor does it seem necessary to explain that the country districts are not

* "Every-Day Japan." By Arthur Lloyd, M.A. Illustrated. 12s. net. (Cassell.)

centres of intellectual life. No one, we presume, would suppose that they are. And after all, the love of the Buddhist monks for beautiful scenery is not (p. 9) distinctive of them in particular, but of the race as a whole.

There are many other small points which one could notice, where the deductions do not appear to us either quite just or clearly defined; but it is more pleasing to pass on to the excellences the volume possesses, some of which are, so far as we know, not to be found in previous books dealing with the subject.

For example, there is an excellent account given of the Imperial Family of to-day, which no student of Japan and its evolution as regards social life can afford to neglect. Mr. Lloyd, too, is quite at home and informative when dealing with the development of commerce, though we think arts and crafts rather inadequately treated. And he gives some interesting sidelights upon the life and methods of Japanese shopkeepers. The same may also be said regarding his account of the training of the modern Japanese soldier, and the results attained.

Of particular interest are the two chapters, "A Day in a Japanese Home." Here for a little while we seem to get more in touch with the people themselves; and the result is far more satisfying and abiding.

Mr. Lloyd is distinctly happy in his "crystallisation" of the Japanese commercial morality when he says it exhibits "defective integrity." And his description of the Japanese farmer is an etching in print.

> "The Japanese farmer," he says, "understands all about the rotation of crops, uses manure very liberally, and works hard. When he has had his supper and can work no more in the field, he goes to the brook to wash the immense white *daikon*, which are sent off overnight in carts so as to be in Tokyo (or the neighbouring town) early next morning. I have never seen any people so thoroughly industrious as are the country Japanese. Social life there is none, for there is next to no leisured class. The wives of the few officials call upon one another from time to time, and a few entertainments are given on special occasions. No one has any time for anything but household duties. The things which we associate with country life—hunting, shooting, games, parish teas, and entertainments, and all the little amenities of the village—are simply absent. There is no squire and no rector."

The chapters upon schools and education, upon "The Japanese Stage," and those dealing with journalism, doctors and hospitals, are valuable and most interesting. One can well believe, as our author states, that the fragile houses of Japan, with their thin walls and perviousness to noise, are not ideal places in which to be ill, and that in consequence "nursing homes" are numerous in all parts of the country, where quiet—often more necessary than medicine—can be secured.

A word or two as regards the illustrations. Those in colour strike us as rather crude and lacking in atmosphere. Two only are really good; one, "A Ladies' Dinner Party," is charming. Of the numerous reproductions from photos it need only be said that most are excellent and informing, and that the subjects have been unusually well chosen.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

THE TWO HUNGARIES.*

Were not the maxim that every obverse has its reverse a patent platitude, its truth could not have been better illustrated than by the publication of two such volumes as these which now lie before us. In the main both books deal with the same aspects of their common subject. Both books, for example, contain a good deal of history; both have chapters upon education; both, again, discuss literature and the arts generally. This similarity, which, in other circumstances, might make one hesitate to read two books upon the same topic, is, in this particular instance, an additional reason for not resting content with having read one of the volumes only. Upon many of the topics, of course, no fruitful comparison can be drawn, but upon a review of the works as a whole one is tempted to invert the French saying and to exclaim that the more the thing is the same, the more difference is there. What the attitude taken up in the volume which Mr. Alden has edited is, scarcely needs to be explained. Written as it is by "members of the Hungarian Government, etc.," it contains the most optimistic statements upon the achievements, civilisation, and future of that country, and makes a frank appeal to the sympathy of Great Britain. On the other hand "Scotus Viator"—or to give him his real name, Mr. Seton-Watson—writes with the one determined object of proving that not only are the Magyars not deserving of any sympathy on the ground that they are an oppressed nationality, but that they are themselves the most relentless oppressors. And what makes Mr. Seton-Watson's diatribes the more remarkable is that (in his own words), "when I first devoted myself to the Austro-Hungarian question I was imbued with the conventional admiration felt by most people in this country for Louis Kossuth, and the ideals with he represented." The most obvious, perhaps, of the conflicting conclusions here illustrated is supplied by the respective remarks upon education. Count Albert Apponyi, whose name in this connection is so well known, sums up his chapter upon elementary education in Hungary with the words:

> "All this proves that the Hungarian Legislature has settled the question of elementary education on the most liberal basis, with the most considerate regard for individual and corporate rights, even in places where the interests of the State dictated greater severity in the restriction of those rights."

As against this statement must be set the counter-statement of Mr. Seton-Watson that nothing shows more strikingly "the Magyarising tendencies of education than the system which has been followed in the erection of State primary schools. In 1906 there were 2,046 State schools in existence, but although they were attended by 117,746 non-Magyar children, the language of instruction in *all save one* was exclusively Magyar!" So far from finding elementary education founded upon a "most liberal basis," Mr. Seton-Watson rounds off his chapter upon this subject with the declaration that

> "The present educational policy of the Magyars is based upon two radically false assumptions, first that patriots can be created by Act of Parliament, and second, that language is the sole basis of nationality. Neither is true, and the Hungarian Parliament, if it must needs shut its eyes to the obvious examples of Ireland and Scotland, might remember that the foremost champions of the nationalities have received a Magyar education and have a complete mastery of the Magyar language."

For our own part we believe that the ultimate survival of a language is a matter mainly of commerce and economics, and that the artificial revival of Erse, for example, though no less splendid and heroic, is as much doomed to failure as were the efforts of Vercingetorix to rally a conquered Gallia against the all-conquering legions of Julius Cæsar.

We have given this, perhaps undue, importance to the one question of education because it so well exemplifies the fundamental differences of conclusions reached in the two volumes. It is not for us, in the columns of a non-political journal, to go into the question of which book appears to speak the political truth. We can at any rate affirm in perfect good faith that each cause is singularly fortunate in the manner of its presentment. Mr. Seton-Watson is already known as a sound and interesting historian, and his work all through shows the same evident marks of careful study and scholarship. He devotes, perhaps, an excessive amount of trouble to defending himself against the charges brought against him, but this, we imagine, is something which he will not repeat in any subsequent volumes. No less is Mr. Alden to be congratulated upon the way in which he has accomplished his editorial duties. Under his auspices his Hungarian friends are enabled to

* "Racial Problems in Hungary." By "Scotus Viator." 16s. net. (Constable.)—"Hungary of To-day." Edited by Percy Alden, M.P. 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

address their British readers in language which bears none of those angularities which are apt to creep into all but the most careful translations. Nor can we conclude without reference to the chapter written by Mr. Alden himself upon "The State Child." In her treatment of child life Hungary will be acknowledged by all to set an example to Western nations, and Mr. Alden is not saying a word too much when he avers that "the student of social questions will admire the carefully planned and scientific machinery for preventing the waste of child life which is all too common both in England and on the Continent."

EVERYTHING FOR THE BEST.*

It is a great thing in an age of desperandoes, of people who despair not only about the commonwealth but about the universe, to come across an optimist so robust as the author of "Araminta." One cannot help liking Miss Perry—Araminta is her name, but they call her Goose because she is "*rather* a sil-lay." They also call her Featherbrain, and Goose girl, and she has a sister whose name is Elizabeth really, but they call her Muffin, because she is *rather* a ragamuffin. The Goose girl comes up from Slocum Magna, near Widdiford, to be adopted by her aunt, the Countess of Crewkerne, who lives in Hill Street. She is six foot high, with a perfectly ludicrous drawl, an enormous appetite, a dilapidated wooden box, and a ferret called Tobias. The countess's titled friends with one accord begin to fall in love with this amazing phenomenon. A literary and artistic earl, who seems a little "dotty" on the subject of Chopin, discovers that she is a perfect throw-back to Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, who had been painted by Gainsborough—a goddess, a Juno, a great work of nature. He dresses her in character in a lilac frock, with an enormous black hat and a wonderful feather to surmount her daffodil mane, in which finery he takes her to the circus, to church, and to discuss cream tarts at Buszard's. But the literary and artistic earl has a ferocious rival, a dook called "Gobo" because he gobbles like a turkey, who talks of Miss Perry as a reg'lar bouncer, a fine-looking gal who comes from where the cream comes from—at which remark Miss Perry licks her lips. The accomplished earl exerts all his diplomacy (and he is a supreme social diplomatist) to thwart the machinations of this turkey-faced ruffian and duke, the most dangerous man in London. But the poor earl, like so many great diplomatists in their day, entirely misapprehended the point of the compass from which real danger was to be anticipated. Professing to be Gainsborough mad, the earl introduced into Lady Crewkerne's drawing-room a young artist of talent named Jim Lascelles, ostensibly for the purpose of copying that lady's famous Gainsborough portrait of Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, but really, as the event proved, to create an epoch-making canvas of the overgrown Goose girl. Now Jim and Miss Perry had been intimate chums in the old days when Jim resided at the Red House, Widdiford.

"'What fun!' exclaimed Miss Perry. 'Do you remember teaching me how to draw cows?'

"'Yes, I do,' said Jim Lascelles, 'you could draw as good a cow as anybody I ever saw, and that's the only thing you could do except sit a horse and handle a ferret and eat bread and jam.'

"Miss Perry sat in the middle of the sofa. By force of habit she assumed her most characteristic pose.

"'There was also one other thing that you could do,' said Jim Lascelles. 'When you were not actually engaged in eating bread and jam, you could always sit hours on end with your finger in your mouth, thinking how you were going to eat it.'

"Jim took up his charcoal.

"'Goose girl,' said he, 'it's the oddest thing out. Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, had the habit of sticking her paw into her mouth. And I'll take my davy her thoughts were of bread and jam. . . . Now don't move the Goose Piece, you silly. The light of the morning strikes it featly. Really I doubt whether this yellow be bright enough.'

"Araminta." By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

"'Jim,' said Miss Perry, 'to-morrow I will show you my new hat.'

"'Stick your paw in your mouth,' said Jim, 'and don't dare to take it out until you are told to. And keep the Goose Piece just where it is. Think of cream buns.'

"'They are awfully nice,' said Miss Perry."

Jim is struck all of a heap by the growth, the beauty, the social success and the fine feathers of his old playmate, and he paints now as he never painted before, or since. The catholic and benevolent earl makes friends with the rising young artist's doating mother. Together they scheme for his advancement, talk tearfully of Chopin and Gautier, and score heavily off *la haute société* of Balham. The old Tartar and harridan of an aunt mislikes the young man, and would have sent him about his business but for the disinterested pleading of the unsuspecting earl. Poor old Gobo hasn't a look in; he is out-manœuvred at every point by this Earl of Cheriton, which should have been Crichton. A formal offer of marriage is made for the niece's hand and accepted—by the aunt, who, thanks to Cheriton's incomparable wiles, has come out most handsomely in the matter of settlements. The Goose Girl herself is one of a rectory quiverful, and it is needless to say has not a penny piece. But in the meantime, alas! the ground has been cut away from the elderly and accomplished nobleman's feet by his talented young protégé. Jim and his model are engaged. They are hopelessly in love. Aunt Caroline is speechless with indignation. The tides of convention and duty respond to her spiriting. Araminta is nothing if not docile. Jim Lascelles, after a very straight talking to by the old Gorgon, determines to maintain his tripartite rôle of a Lascelles, a hero, and a gentleman. But the stars in their courses were fighting all the time for the two young lovers. The Earl of Cheriton, which should have been Chesterfield, withdraws from the field with the renunciatory grace of a Marquis of Esmond. The entire family of Slocum Magna came up to London and stayed a whole week at Morley's Hotel, and among other things all went one day to see the Exhibition, and found there was not one. Jim married the Goose girl at St. Sepulchre's on the First of April, and had his picture purchased by the Chantrey Bequest. They went to the land of Velazquez for their honeymoon, and are now living at the Red House at Widdiford.

I have tried not to distort the story needlessly in this brief summary, and my labour will have been in vain if I have not proved that verisimilitude to what, as readers of Anatole France, "Fraternity," and "Tono-Bungay," we are bound to regard as the ruling motives of human existence in 1909, is not one of the strong points of "Araminta." But if the reader should conclude that I think poorly of "Araminta," he would be quite wrong. There is a friendliness and a charm about the author's way of writing which make even his absurdities irresistible.

There are a hundred faults in this thing. The same thing, it will be remembered, was said about "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Mr. Snaith, I should imagine, is no very impartial observer of life. He has a frank partiality for the view that life is well worth living. He has a taste for kindness, for slang, and for fun—an excellent taste, I should be inclined to say. He has an enthusiasm for good literature. Like his own Araminta he appears to me to be a throw-back—to the good old novelists of forty or fifty years ago. Lady Crewkerne and Cheriton are pure Thackeray. The first sixty pages are a perfect *rifacimento* of the West End of Thackeray's great trilogy, adapted by a few artless touches to the requirements of the present day. Jim is a mixture of J. J. and Clive Newcome. There are suggestions of Black, Blackmore, Meredith, and Dickens, while the ending is pure Barrie. The author has a whole-hearted enthusiasm for the best novels, which he invites us to share. We gladly respond. But, though he builds largely from old masters, his work is quite original, perfectly sincere, and admirably lively.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

Whatever my disqualifications may be as a judge of fiction, I credit myself at least with a catholic taste, a modest readiness to believe that possibly my novelist knows his business, and a rational recognition of the facts that he is not bound to be mistaken because he does not see things from my standpoint, and that his book is not necessarily bad because I think it might have been better if he had invented a different plot for it or written it in a different style. To a large extent, I am always willing to accept my author's premises and submit myself to his moods. If he writes a realistic story of low life, I shall not complain that it is rather sordid, for I know that such life must be so; if he writes a romance, I shall not sniff at it because it is romantic; and if he sets himself to thrill me with a sensational novel, I shall be contented to find it sensational, and not censure its vivid colouring or its melodramatic moments.

I don't know how many of this year's novels I have not seen, and I have lost count of how many I have read, but if I were put to it to mention the three that have pleased me most and have seemed to me the ablest and the best of them, I should name "Katherine the Arrogant," "Uncle Gregory," and "Kincaid's Battery"; but I should have made "Magnificat"[1] one of the three, and probably first of the three, if it were not for the manner of David Carew's death in the last chapter but one. Frankly, I cannot believe in that death; it is too timely. It enables Mr. Vincent Brown to dodge the problem of David's regeneration; it smacks of the very old-fashioned tract and wears a religious supernatural aspect that is too superficial to be convincing. This lapse would be less disappointing if Mr. Brown did not write so well; his pictures of life in the drab Bloomsbury boarding-house are admirably realised; David, and the rest of the boarders, all young men, most of them dabbling in journalism, are drawn with a knowledge of human character that makes them wonderfully alive; Mrs. Grimsdick, the landlady, with her elderly, parasitic sister, who was formerly a theatrical star, are photographically true to life; and Annie, the maid-of-all-work, a simple, deeply religious little country girl, is a charmingly idyllic and pathetic figure, her quiet goodness drawing David back again and again when he yields to the dangerous fascinations of Hilda Selby and goes "building on the sands of pleasure" that, as Gabriel Lurcott warns him, "are always shifting, and may engulf you at any moment."

The London boarding-house scenes in "Katherine the Arrogant,"[2] and in "Daphne in Fitzroy Street" are as cleverly done and as actual as are those in "Magnificat," but the boarders are of different types. Those among whom Katherine lives are inquisitive, gossiping old women (weary, fretful creatures of small incomes and narrow sympathies), and young students and commercial men whose manners do not err on the side of delicacy. She had been used to far better things, has had opportunities of marrying well, only a sense of humour and a mocking tongue had frightened her admirers away from her. On the death of her father, she is left nearly penniless; and now, tiring of the wretchedness of the boarding-house, and resentful of the insults she has to endure as a friendless girl, looking for employment, she swallows her pride and becomes companion and maid to her father's old friend Lady Warbeck, a sly, sprightly, septuagenarian widow who passes for rich and mean, but is in reality poor; and with her Katherine travels about, goes into miscellaneous good society and meets with many adventures. It is an excellent story; crisply and vivaciously written, and thoroughly interesting from start to finish.

[1] "Magnificat." By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

[2] "Katherine the Arrogant." By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Methuen.)

Daphne's[1] fellow-lodgers are of a livelier, more Bohemian quality, mostly artists and artists' models. She is fresh from a convent school in France, and runs away from her guardian's home with her small half-sister Doris, bent upon earning her own living; and how she did it is all so brightly and pleasantly told that for a girl to be cast on her own resources and working for her bread in London would seem to be the very best fun imaginable. I suppose it is—sometimes. The heroine of "The June Princess"[2] has this much in common with Daphne and Katherine, that she sets out to make a career for herself and find a way to happiness. "How easy everything is," she remarks, "if one turns it into a fairy-tale!" and that is precisely what Miss Smedley has done with this novel of hers. It is amusing, crammed with incident, and has many dainty fantastic touches, but I confess it irritates me all the while to have the heroine called "the Princess" throughout; to have the hero, an ordinary young man, named "the Fairy"; an American publisher, who comes over and gives the Princess an engagement, dubbed "the Fairy Godfather"; a London editor christened "the Attaché," and so forth.

Perhaps the most original and most remarkable of recent novels is "Uncle Gregory,"[3] The plot of it is nothing, but the characterisation and treatment of the whole thing is wickedly delightful. Uncle Gregory, like Marley, is dead, to begin with. He was a great statesman, philanthropist, scholar, public speaker, and by his will he has founded a Trust for the upkeeping of certain institutions he established, the carrying out of certain of his ideals, and the writing of his biography. I believe I could name the famous nineteenth-century statesman who is satirised in the person of Uncle Gregory. but I will not risk it. His relatives are obsessed by the necessity of continuing his work, mastering his enormous piles of correspondence, and getting his Life written; his memory is like a living presence about the place, tyrannising over them, ruling and directing them, cramping their outlook, limiting their careers to a glorification of his. This, and how they were eased of their responsibilities and the troublesome important Life gets written at last, is the whole story; and if you think there is not enough here to make a book of, you may take it from me that Mr. Sandeman has found it sufficient to furnish forth one of the most brilliantly ironical novels that has appeared for a long time.

"Kincaid's Battery"[4] takes us away at once into the glamorous realms of old romance. It is one of those tales of old Creole days that Mr. Cable has the secret of telling with unfailing tenderness and power; a tale of love and battles that begins "in the full flush of a new year, the war year, 'Sixty-one," and carries you gallantly into the stirring days of the fierce struggle between North and South America, and on to a happy and ideal ending; an absorbing romance that fascinates you the more for being so subtly written that it reads as if it might every word of it be true. "King Penda's Captain"[5] is romance again—an admirable historical tale of early Britain when Penda, king of the Mercians, championed the cause of heathendom against the rising forces of Christianity. Feargus, his captain, falls in love with the daughter of a Christian king and is divided between his allegiance to his chieftain and the desire of his heart. Mr. MacBride has woven a very beautiful romance round these two lovers of far-off half-forgotten years; he recaptures the brave barbaric spirit of the time, and writes gracefully and with just enough of archaic phrasing to subdue us fittingly to his illusions.

[1] "Daphne in Fitzroy Street." By E. Nesbit. 6s. (G. Allen & Sons.)

[2] "The June Princess." By Constance Smedley. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

[3] "Uncle Gregory." By George Sandeman. 6s. (Heinemann.)

[4] "Kincaid's Battery." By George W. Cable. Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[5] "King Penda's Captain." By MacKenzie MacBride. With Coloured Illustrations by John Duncan. 6s. (Dent.)

The four stories of "Nightshade"[1] fulfil the gloomy anticipations awakened in you by their title. They are written with marked ability, but the shadow of death is heavy on them all. There is murder in two, suicide in another, and death by starvation in the fourth; they are skilful studies in morbid subjects, but for my part I like Mr. Horniman better when he works in brighter colours and with a lighter hand. "The Graven Image,"[2] again, is as sensational as the heart of the gentle reader could desire, but it is a breezy, healthy sensationalism, involving the mysterious disappearance and final recovery of a graven image which brought luck to the owner's family. Here, as in two or three of the novels I began with, you have the heroine, Faylande Heath, left without means and going as companion to a lady; it is surely a sign of the times, an echo of something in the air, this persistent showing of the solitary girl facing life independently and fighting her own battle with circumstances; and the startling quest that Faylande soons finds herself embarked upon, and the thrilling and dramatic adventures that befall her in the course of it, are ingeniously and plausibly contrived and make capital reading. Lil of the Slums,[3] too, has come down in the world and is slaving for a living. She has come down lower than any of the other girls I have been reading about, and earns a poor pittance by sewing in a garret. At first she has her mother with her; but presently the mother dies and she is alone, except for a small street-urchin whom she has adopted. She is sorely tempted to marry a howling bounder for his money, but remains true to the decent shop-assistant who has nothing to give her but his love. It is a good story, easily and sympathetically told, and a striking true incident arising out of the loss of the Thames steamboat *Princess Alice* is adroitly employed to influence the misfortunes and the fortunes of Lil and her lover.

But if you want lurid and rampant sensation of the ruddiest and most breathless order, here is "The Dream—and the Woman," or, wilder still, "The Mystery of the Myrtles."[4] What do you say to a secret society of occultists, an amazing hypnotist who, with his disciples, practises devil-worship, sets up an altar on the closely secluded lawn of a suburban garden, and sacrifices animals and even human beings to the evil and horrible unseen presences who so sensibly inhabit the dense shrubbery round the lawn that strangers trying to force a path through it are shaken with dreadful fears and fly without knowing why they are afraid? That is what awaits you in "The Mystery of the Myrtles"—that and tales of the robbing and kidnapping of aristocratic victims destined for the sacrifice, and a bizarre and delicate love romance that gains not a little from its grim and gruesome environment. "The Dream—and the Woman"[5] seems almost quiet and idyllic by comparison, and yet it is, as a foreword indicates, "the story of one of the strangest deceptions ever practised upon the world in general, and upon one woman in particular: a story of the long-suffering and patience of that woman, and of a man's villainy; the tale of one who left the things of Life—touched Death—and stretched hands from the grave back into Life again." And the rich promise of that tempting foreword is not broken. The mystery is cunningly devised, and Mr. Gallon has effectively resorted to the Wilkie Collins method of allowing divers of his characters to ravel and unravel it; from the moment when Mark Hardwick, the "ridiculously rich" millionaire, and his friend Leonard Trent, the barrister, walking through Soho, dash to the rescue of an effeminate stranger who is suddenly set upon and stabbed by a stealthy foreigner, you follow "The Dream—and the Woman" through all its unlooked-for developments with a keen and increasing interest. This is certainly the strongest book Mr. Gallon has yet given us, and I shall be surprised if it does not prove also the most popular. A.

[1] "Nightshade." By Roy Horniman. 6s. (Sisley.)
[2] "The Graven Image." By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (John Milne.)
[3] "Lil of the Slums." By Dick Donovan. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)
[4] "The Mystery of the Myrtles." By Edgar Jepson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
[5] "The Dream—and the Woman." By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

SCOTLAND UNDER THE STUART RESTORATION.*

A picture of the bitter years of the Restoration in Scotland, when Kirk and State fought for the mastery, when Lauderdale ruled and the Covenanters made their last stern struggle, is drawn by Mr. Lang in this biography. Mackenzie, after all, was no great historic figure, but he was the instrument of ruthless ministers, the agent of a policy that was brutal enough in design and method, but necessary as a stage in the growth of a nation. Mr. Lang, of course, writes graphically, vivaciously, and entertainingly, and his volume recalls the chief events and personalities of the time; whether he succeeds in his special object of making Mackenzie's character clear is doubtful, and it is certain that he finds it difficult to understand the Covenanters, and is unable to appreciate the reality and force that were at the root of their character. Cameron and Cargill were fanatics; their scheme of government was an impossible theocracy, their politics and theology were narrow and violent, but they were valiant soldiers in the great cause of individual freedom in religious opinion. As another historian than Mr. Lang has said: "The dilemma had again arisen with which Scotland had been familiar since the Reformation—allegiance to a legitimate king or obedience to the dictates of conscience."

Mackenzie was in the earlier part of his career a courageous and able opponent of Lauderdale in the Parliament, but he changed sides at an opportune moment and was afterwards a zealous servant of the King's ministers. By temperament and training he was averse from what Mr. Lang calls "Knoxian ideas and clerical pretensions"; he had been educated at Bourges, had written a novel in the style of Mlle. Scudéri, and a book called "The Religious Stoic," in which he treats all religious fanatics with the good-humoured contempt of a philosopher. Jehu, he wrote, was a more dangerous man than Gallio. "It fares with heretics as with tops, which, so long as they are scourged, keep foot and run pleasantly, but fall as soon as they are neglected and left to themselves." He declared in a later book that "the civil government in Scotland was never bigot" under Charles II., and his general view was that a man should accept and follow the religion of his country as established by law. "When men not only recede from the canonised creed of the Church, but likewise encroach upon the laws of the State, then, as of all others they are the most dangerous, so of all others they should be most severely punished." A man with these views was bound sooner or later to join the Court side, and Mackenzie "resolved to submit to his Prince." He was appointed King's Advocate in 1677. At this moment Lauderdale was hesitating between an agreement with the Presbyterians and a policy of repression; he hankered after the promised subsidy of £15,000, but was not convinced that he would obtain it, and quickly decided that the conventicles must be suppressed. The King's Advocate earned his title "Bloody Mackenzie" by his active support of this policy of suppression. It is only just to say that he believed in giving prisoners a fair trial; his conscience as a lawyer insisted that the forms of justice should be observed and that the defendant should be properly represented by counsel.

Mr. Lang's history of a famous case, the second trial of James Mitchell on the charge of attempting to murder Archbishop Sharp, is characteristic of his method. He

* "Sir George Mackenzie, King's Advocate, of Rosehaugh: His Life and Times, 1636 (?)—1691." By Andrew Lang. With 4 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Longmans.)

goes through the facts with great care, but his judgment on the whole matter fails in lucidity because he does not decide on Mackenzie's conduct either from the strictly legal or from the purely ethical standpoint. It will be remembered that Mitchell confessed his crime on the promise that his life should be spared, and later withdrew his confession. Mackenzie was his counsel on the first indictment, which failed, and prosecuted in the second trial. He used Mitchell's confession as principal evidence of guilt. The defence produced copies of the Act of Council mentioning that the confession was made on the assurance that life would be spared. The Court declined to admit this as evidence, and the prisoner was convicted. From the ethical standpoint Mackenzie was guilty of baseness because he knew, as former counsel for Mitchell, the whole of the facts about the confession; but from a professional standpoint the King's Advocate was entitled to object that the copies of the Act produced were not evidence, and to argue that the only evidence was the confession itself. Mr. Lang says that the case is "an indelible stain upon the ermine of Scottish justice," that "there is infamy enough for all parties to divide"—but "Mackenzie's whole conduct remains a puzzle." Surely it is clear that Mackenzie deliberately subordinated all sense of fairness to his professional duty as Advocate. He was there to get a verdict, "within the letter of the law," it is true, but without consideration for the spirit of justice.

Mr. Lang's judgment of the general turn of events in Scotland is sound. "Things had come to a state in which the brute forces of evolution directed them. There was violent disorder, there was violent repression, all working to one end, the restoration of the form of Church government which the country demanded, without the unessential but hitherto inseparable domination of ministers." He does not attempt to defend the tyranny practised by the King's representatives, or to acquit Mackenzie of his share of responsibility for the use of torture. Not confining himself to biography, he throws considerable light upon the ruin of Argyll and the "Fanatic Plot." Finally we have a more peaceful picture of Mackenzie in retirement at Oxford. Mr. Lang reverses no historical verdicts, and the character of Mackenzie is not redeemed from obloquy; he will still be considered an able lawyer, a courageous and intelligent servant of State power, anxious always to keep within the law but determined that the law should be powerful enough and severe enough to repress the fanaticism which he dreaded as a politician and despised as a philosopher.

Walford D. Green.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY POETRY.*

Mr. Miles's "Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century" is an old friend that now appears in a new, revised, and more popular form, increased by two volumes, and enriched by many additions. We may safely call it an old friend, because many must have been happy enough to have known these volumes in their original form from childhood; and we can think of few books more worthy to take their place in a house where there are young people. It is some eighteen years since Mr. Miles first conceived the idea of a representative selection from the poets of the nineteenth century on a scale sufficiently liberal to supply the student with material for the study of English poetry during that period. The editor with the help of a number of distinguished authorities was enabled to accomplish his scheme in a manner that earned for him the gratitude of all lovers of poetry. Such a task of the same proportions is not likely to be undertaken again, at least for many years to come, and if undertaken it is unlikely to be done as well, notwithstanding that a future editor would have the benefit of all Mr. Miles's spade-work. Figure to yourself the labour that these twelve volumes represent: the greater part of the collection comprises the work of poets whose positions in literature have not been placed, whose works still hang in the trembling balance, and time alone can decide whether they can pass the test. This work stands alone among anthologies of which there is now such a perplexing crowd, and for that reason it offers no comparison. It is more of a collection than a selection, not so much an anthology as a garden, containing both cultivated flowers of the mind as well as specimens from old-fashioned stocks of a wilder growth—there are no exotics, though a few show signs of foreign influences. The scheme of the collection has enabled Mr. Miles to bring together for the most part all the poems that he deemed necessary for his purpose—and he appears to have given characteristic specimens from the poetry of the writers represented, and not necessarily the few inspired lines which have the effect so frequently of showing a poet to such advantage in an anthology. His object seems to be to present a critical collection of rigid impartiality, and it is an excellent one too. If the poet is great he does not suffer by the process—but in the case of minor singers, the ordeal is somewhat devastating in its effect. It was a courageous feat to undertake, especially with the work of contemporary writers, and such sensitive beings as poets, but he has overcome his difficulty by a wise discrimination in his selection from the works of living authors, and unless they discover a grievance in finding their verse excluded they will have little to complain of. Personal preference of course, after all, is the only thing that matters in an anthology, but no choice ever gives entire satisfaction to the public, and frequently not even to its compiler. The most hopeless failures are the selectors who pander to what they consider popular taste, the most successful are those who possess perfect judgment and exercise it impartially. Comprehensive as Mr. Miles's selection is, there are some omissions that seem a little unaccountable. Their exclusion may be due to design, they can hardly have been overlooked, or they may have been left out owing to copyright restrictions. More important than these omissions is the remarkable range offered by Mr. Miles in his "Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century." There one may find the work of many a neglected poet whose poetry one is only too glad to become acquainted with. What a godsend Mr. Miles must have been to the maker of minor anthologies; we

Mr. Alfred H. Miles.

* "The Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century." Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 12 vols. 16mo. 1s. 6d. each. (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.)

cannot help holding him to some extent responsible for the great increase of poetical selections that have appeared of late years. It would be impossible in a short article like this to detail the various changes that have been made in this new edition. It is sufficient to say that the works of many a poet whose poems were strictly protected by copyright when Mr. Miles's first edition was published are now public property; he has thus been able to give a more representative selection. Some of the introductions, too, have been revised or re-written. Among those whose poems have been extended we may mention Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. William Watson, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mr. John Davidson. There are many other poets who appear now for the first time in Mr. Miles's collection.

One word may be added with regard to the format of anthologies: they should, in our opinion, invariably make small volumes. By a happy coincidence the most delightful volumes of selected poetry have been published in pocketable form, for instance, Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," Mrs. Meynell's "The Flower of the Mind," Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of Poetry" and "The Pilgrim's Way," Mr. E. V. Lucas's "The Open Road" and "The Friendly Town," and William Allingham's "Nightingale Valley." The size of Mr. Miles's volumes is ideal, and the paper and binding are quite good considering the very cheap price of the volumes (1s. 6d. each).

ROGER INGPEN.

THREE MEN AND THEIR VISIONS.*

"His art was, of course, intensely *literary*," writes Mr. Ross of Aubrey Beardsley, and throws the word in defiant italics to those to whom it is anathema. Yet literary, in an allusive sense, art must always be, so long as it is made by men to whom old tales are fuller of meaning than present life. The term can only be used reproachfully of the artist who merely illustrates a story, his own or another's, and leaves us unsatisfied, curious as to the fate of his characters, the result of his situations. And that precisely is what Beardsley, more almost than any man, certainly more than any who has drawn pictures for other men's books, does not do.

Rossetti in his earlier work was too often literary in the bad sense. Practising both painting and poetry, he was apt to confuse their functions. Whistler asked him why he did not frame his sonnets. Pictures like "Dante drawing the Angel" and "The Writing on the Sand" are nothing but literature. It was a fault of the Preraphaelites. In their desire for sincerity they too often found only the obvious and ephemeral. They forgot that in painting, which has no before or after, the eternal moment must be seized. Rossetti, however, soon freed himself from their school, eventually indeed from everything but his dream. The pictures in this book—which is just a series of excellent reproductions with an adequate historical introduction—are arranged chronologically, and one sees how, gradually, he abandoned "subjects" almost altogether and came to content himself with a single figure, with perhaps a few subordinates, or two figures in essence one, like Paolo and Francesca. His name will ever be associated with that long line of beautiful, languid women who call to mind what was written of Whistler's "Little White Girl":

"But one thing knows the flower, the flower is fair."

Many people regret this falling-off in invention, this final surrender to one insistent type. Humanly speaking, in that Rossetti's indifference to the actual world was the result of ill-health and sorrow, it is regrettable. But artistically it was right. His dealings with modern things were never more than half-hearted, nor was he of the temper that makes a great religious painter. No man can do more than paint his vision. Rossetti's was of Proserpina and Lilith.

To a large extent Burne-Jones accepted the same conventions, the same symbols, as Rossetti. But, essentially, his art was a very different thing. Art for art's sake it may have been, but only because, to him, art and ethics were one. He believed in the ultimate good as fervently as did Morris. Every picture he painted has its moral value because the beautiful was the good itself to him, not the symbol or manifestation of it. His aim was to express truth as beauty, not through beauty, like Watts, who too often tainted his pictures with the preacher's purpose. It was a dream, perhaps, but a noble one, and well set forth by Mr. Phythian, who has written his little book with such sympathy and charm that even those who know Lady Burne-Jones's fine biography may read it with pleasure.

The hand of Burne-Jones may certainly be seen in Beardsley's work of one period, but, as for soul, the two men spoke different tongues. It is significant that Malory, who was to Burne-Jones an inspiration, seemed to the younger man rather long-winded. He who worked with such enthusiasm at those fleeting Union frescoes illustrated the "Morte Darthur" because it stood to him for all that was best in the high, old temper that he loved. Beardsley illustrated it because he was commissioned.

Yet Beardsley, in that he did what he set himself to do more faultlessly than they, was a greater artist than either Rossetti or Burne-Jones. He created an absolute beauty that was quite independent of beauty of idea. Not idea, indeed, but caprice was his motive as often as not; and his art had no existence but on the paper. Many of his drawings are but exquisite patterns, meaningless in a sense, yet fraught with the whole meaning of his personality. That is never absent. Constantly changing his style, borrowing hints from many arts of many ages, he was really one of the most original artists who ever lived. His hand never lied.

Mr. Ross has written a book, for which, perhaps, there was room, telling what there is to tell of Beardsley's brief days of miraculous achievement. Subtler criticism is, however, still to be found in Mr. Arthur Symons's essay. Half the volume is occupied by a revised version of Mr. Aymer Vallance's iconography, useful for reference and fruitful of reminiscence to those who know the artist's work. The illustrations are well chosen. They make one realise that, after all, not his command of line, but his power of suggesting what line might enclose, was Beardsley's unique gift. One wonders at the exquisite penmanship of the "Siegfried" and the "Questing Beast." But before him who made the "Salome" drawings and the "Wagnerites" one bows as before a master.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Dante Gabriel Rossetti." With a Biographical Study by Ernest Radford. 5s. net. (Newnes.)—"Burne-Jones." By J. E. Phythian. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Aubrey Beardsley." By Robert Ross. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

THE GREAT OYER OF POISONING.*

Among the crowd of figures whose destinies or reputations are bound up with "The Great Oyer of Poisoning," the facts concerning which are now set forth lucidly and at length by Mr. Philip Gibbs, that of Dr. Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, moves, by contrast, wrapt in a white aura of truth and sanctity. To the end that a certain Robert Carr, favourite of the King and backed by the influence of the court party, might possess the fair woman whom he desired, it was sought to set aside, on most scandalous and insufficient grounds, her marriage with the young Earl her husband, he being in the certain possession of all his bodily and mental faculties, and, it is to be noted,

* "King's Favourite." By Philip Gibbs. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

in love with his wife. Yet because it was known to be the King's will, the Bishop of Lichfield, "that suave and treacherous man," and their lordships of Winchester, Ely, and Rochester, gave their votes for a decree of nullity, despite all the arguments and pleadings of the good Archbishop and one or two righteous adherents, on no evidence at all, even James admitting that their ground must be *vitium animi non corporis*. Thereupon the mutual passion of the Earl of Somerset and Lady Frances Howard was crowned with the official sanction of holy Church.

In 1615 a strange tale came over the water from Flushing. An English refugee had died there, a most insignificant person, an apothecary's boy in fact. The apothecary's boy had a secret on his conscience, which weighed heavily enough to prompt his keeping death at bay till he had confessed it. At the instigation of powerful agents, themselves inspired by, it was alleged, personages very much higher still, he had conveyed a "poisoned Clyster" into the Tower of London, for the use of a prisoner, Sir Thomas Overbury, one-time confidant and right-hand man of the Earl of Somerset, Lord Chamberlain of England. This Sir Thomas had been imprisoned, nominally, for contumacy to his sovereign, but he had been also, it was by some persons remembered, bitterly opposed to the connection that had grown up between his employer and the lady who was now his wife.

Sir Thomas Overbury was a scholar, a poet, and a man of letters. His "Characters," with their wit and observation, their quaint conceits of phrase, are as a landmark in the evolution of the English novel. He was hailed as a brother genius by Ben Jonson and the Mermaid Tavern coterie. This praise was due largely to the merits of his poem, "The Wife," to which the moral delinquencies of Lady Essex had inspired him. It is probable that its publication set the seal on her determination to be revenged upon the man who, in his counsels with her lover, had wrought so continuously against her interests. To those verses he owed fame—and a poisoned clyster.

The scandal raised by the news from Flushing was so serious that James, though he doubted little of its baselessness, was constrained to order an inquiry. The day that he decided on this course was a black one for the Earl and Countess. The eye of Justice was no sooner to be cast on the circumstances of that death in the Tower than a vast and complicated tangle of crime was to be revealed. Witness accused witness one after another, dark tales of witchcraft, poisoning, and murder were unfolded, the Countess of Essex was implicated, and, with her, the favourite himself. Mr. Gibbs seems to make it clear that Carr was not a party to the murder of Overbury, and indeed was probably quite unaware of the real manner of his secretary's death, though it is certain that he was privy to the incarceration in the Tower. It is certain, too, that he knew nothing of the spells and mummeries practised by his wife upon her first husband, though they may have come to his knowledge after his own marriage with Lady Essex. Yet in court the evidence against Carr seemed convincing enough, and, when his wife acknowledged her guilt throughout, who would be likely to raise his voice in defence of the fallen favourite, cordially and generally hated as he was in the days of his prosperity? Though even at that time few were found to believe in the suggestion of Chief Justice Coke, that young Prince Henry, the first lover of Lady Essex, had also met his death through poison, James himself, warm as his affection still was for his former favourite, felt himself convinced of Carr's participation in the plot that removed Overbury. Out of his clemency he ultimately pardoned the pair, though they were banished from court and capital. The picture that Mr. Gibbs draws of the last days of this man and woman, full of bitterness, no longer loving, but hating each other with a sullen hatred, is not the least tragic in his book. And for the man the crowning bitterness must have been the reports that filtered through from court of the rapid rise and signal tokens of the royal approval heaped upon Sir George Villiers, a handsome and amiable young man, recognised already by courtiers and populace as His Majesty's new favourite.

In this story that Mr. Gibbs has dealt with there has been no temptation, as he observes, to impart a romantic atmosphere at the expense of truth. Despite repetitions that were probably on occasion unavoidable, and a not always restrained weakness for dramatic appeal to the gallery, he has written a book that, in an age of bookmaking, is better made than most of its kind.

A. G.

A NEW POET.*

To discover a poet; amid the roaring and restless ocean of current literature to be the Columbus of the tiniest, unknown green isle of poetry, is an experience of which at any rate the verdant reviewer is ever patiently hopeful and expectant. So far as regards this little collection of "Twenty Poems," however, he can merely congratulate those who have already landed and set up their flag-posts on the shore; for many of them have already appeared in the *Spectator*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and the *Academy*. True poetry, however wide or narrow its range, is beyond criticism; it is, as it were, its own consummate and final criticism. Even the most enthusiastic appreciation of it is like lighting a candle to look for the moon. The reality and the sincerity of the best of these poems are perfectly evident. They come from the thought and the sensitiveness of a man who really has had at heart what he has tried to express. He has not borrowed or feigned his emotion. Though his natural masters unmistakably peep out, in a phrase, in an epithet, in a definite turn, here and there (Crashaw and Patmore more particularly, perhaps), his own voice and personality dominate his verses. They reveal a rather introspective mind, intent on its own point of view, concentrated on its own experience of the world, and recognising, as old friends recognise one another, such aspects, such beauty and strangeness, as appeal more directly to its own individuality. It does not roam at large. In some of the most beautiful—the "Prayer to my Lord," "To my Mother"—the meaning, the whole bearing of the thought to be expressed is obviously of far more importance to the poet than the mere fact that he is writing a poem about it. The grace has had to edge in as best it can; the versification has been compelled to submit, rather than to run in happy alliance. One or two others have not these easily forgivable flaws; the poetry occupies the idea as a little pool of water occupies the hollow rock in which it rests. "Happy Death," "The Tree," "The Escape"—all are complete. We quote the last of these:

"Like one who runs
Fearful at night, he knows not why,
Dreading the loneliness, yet shuns
The highway's usual company;

"Wherefore he hastes,
The friendly gloom of ancient trees
Unheeding, and the shining wastes
Lying broad and quiet as the seas;

"The beauty of night
Hating for very fear, until
Beyond the bend a lowly light
Beams single from a lowly sill;

"And the poor fool,
Flying the sacred, solemn dark,
Leaves gladly the large, cool
Night for that serviceable spark;

* "Twenty Poems." By John Freeman. 1s. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

"And thankful then
To have 'scaped the peril of the way,
Turns not his timid steps again
That night, but waits the common day;—

"So I, as weak,
Have fled the great hills of Thy Love,
Too faint to hear what Thou dost speak,
Too feeble with fear to look above,

"And hastened to win
Some flickering brief security,
In sinful sleep or waking sin,
From the enfolding thought of Thee."

No good, unusual work goes off with a loud report. Mr. Freeman, because of his aloof outlook and introspectiveness, because he is interested in and intent on what most people shun, or ignore, or cannot see, will win over his readers one by one. He may widen his interests; mere time widens most men's—but he at least cannot deepen them; and whatever work he may do in the future, he will, we think, never have reason to regret this.

W. DE LA MARE.

Novel Notes.

THE NEW JUNE. By Henry Newbolt. 6s. (Blackwood.)

It is not for the reviewer to decide how much truth and how much fiction have gone to the making of any historical romance. Mr. Newbolt tells us here, in a dedicatory letter, something of his own methods: he is restrained from taking liberties with the great figures of history by a feeling that the game is too easy, and by "a perhaps exaggerated respect for those who have once lived the life and borne the names of men." He writes of the people of the past "not so much to make a story, as to puzzle out a secret"; and the problem which delights him is this—"given certain facts, to put together the life to which they belonged; given a bone or two, to reconstruct the moving, breathing organism." Needless to say, this is not the way to make a popular historical novel; it may be even doubted whether such methods are essential to the production of good literature; but from the purely historical standpoint they are wholly commendable. Mr. Newbolt's pictures of the days of the second Richard seem a little laboured, a little lacking in colour; he builds up his organism from that bone or two, and he makes it move, but does it breathe and live? Again and again one wishes Mr. Newbolt would let himself go, would put into his tale something of the rich, raw vigour he has put into his ballads. The romance does not grip; it is carefully and excellently written, and the story of those two who, "after grief and danger and long separation," begin life together at last, has all the stuff of great romance in it. You read it with immense interest, saying how good it is, how sane and balanced in tone, how finely finished in style, and yet how much bigger a thing it might have been had the author been one of those careless fellows who would sooner sacrifice art to life than life to art.

Photo by Frederick Hollyer. **Mr. Henry Newbolt.**

THE YELLOW GOD. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Cassell.)

Though "The Yellow God: An Idol of Africa"—to give its full title—is not quite so good as the author's first essays in this line, it shows that Mr. Haggard can still construct an exciting and readable romance. It also brings him forward in a new light. We had never considered that the author of "King Solomon's Mines" was a humorist, but this book very nearly proves that he is. Jeekie's wit is not perhaps of the most subtle, but for all that the old negro says some very funny things. Sometimes, certainly, he is a little out of place, and his garrulousness detracts from some of the grip of the "horror" part of the book. Nevertheless, we are very glad to have made Jeekie's acquaintance, and we recommend our readers to do likewise. All Mr. Haggard's old and tried materials are here: the previously unexplored region of Africa, the magnificent savage inhabitants, the beautiful immortal who falls in love with the manly British hero, and in addition an excellent plot. The book is sure to be popular, and we wish it every success. Lovers of the adventurous in particular will find it thoroughly satisfactory. Mr. A. C. Michael's three illustrations are clever and striking.

THE FIRING LINE. By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Appleton.)

"The Firing Line" makes excellent skipping. It is a book that badly needs compression. A work of fiction must be out of the ordinary if it is to hold the attenton for more than, say, 350 pages. Mr. Chambers gives us 500, and closely printed at that, while neither his theme nor his treatment of it is particularly unusual. Another fault of the book is due perhaps to the author's American (and, therefore, idealistic) outlook. We refer to the action of the heroine, who, overcome by the revelation that she is a nameless child, marries out of hand a young man for whom she has no affection. She at once returns to her adoptive parents, never lives with her husband, and soon comes to hate him. We can sympathise with Shiela's more or less unreasoning dislike for Malcourt—a very well-drawn villain—but we cannot understand why she should have married him. The reason given by the author seems to us utterly insufficient; but the moral is obvious—that American young ladies should not have sudden shocks. But we have no wish to give the impres-

sion that "The Firing Line" is a bad novel. If the reader is judicious enough to omit the numerous *longueurs*, he is certain to find it interesting. The plot is fair, the chief characters are lifelike—with an unusually charming heroine—and the style of the writing attractive. Mr. Chambers's dialogue generally is good, and he handles the majority of his more dramatic scenes very cleverly. When he has decided to omit unessentials, we shall expect a first-class novel from this author.

THE COMPACT. By R. Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

In "The Compact" Mr. Ridgwell Cullum in no wise falls short of his former high standard. The scene opens in London, and the first two chapters tell of the struggle of Mary Gordon, an underpaid actress, to support her widowed mother and two sisters. Into her life has come the inevitable love-story—Guy Chalmers, a man who has been connected with the free-booters of Bechuanaland, has during a short stay in the "old country" met Mary, and falls violently in love with her. His affection is returned, and their marriage is being talked of when he hears there is likely to be an outbreak of hostilities in the Transvaal. He immediately arranges to go back, hoping to make money, and promises that he will return at the end of three years, but tells Mary that if she does not hear of him in that time, she must count him dead. The three years pass, and presently Mary is wooed by rugged, great-hearted Firman Elwood, an African hunter and trader, and eventually she marries him, though she tells him she has no love left to give him, her heart being in the grave of a dead lover, whose name does not transpire. She goes with her husband to Africa, where Elwood is in touch with many political men, and has obtained knowledge of Germany's agreement with the Transvaal to take over Bechuanaland, and intends to outwit them. He asks his wife to keep watch on a suspect, who proves to be none other than Guy Chalmers, who is in active league with Germany. The author depicts life in Africa as only a man who has been there can do. The wild scenery is very vividly described. Reading, one feels the fierce African sun blazing down on miles of bush and sand, sees the transport team moving over the horizon, hears the rumble of the wheels and the crack of the whips as the teams of large-horned Kaffir cattle move along the veldt. The compact between husband and lover as to who shall, in the future, possess Mary furnishes some telling situations, and its political aspect only serves to intensify the interest of this powerful human drama.

GEOFFREY CHERITON. By John Barnett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The chief merit of "Geoffrey Cheriton"—and it is a great merit—lies in its characterisation. The plot is slight, but lends itself admirably to the presentation and development of character. Geoffrey is a shy, reserved man, of a naturally stubborn, somewhat sullen aspect, but he has a magnificent genius for friendship, and the friend to whom, in his undemonstrative fashion, he gives his whole heart, is a clever, attractive, unstable fellow who alienates all his other friends and makes a wreck of what might have been a brilliant career. He and Geoffrey are "pals" at school; later, whilst he has no need of him, he does not trouble about Geoffrey, but he hunts him out when he is in need of his services, and still later, when he is fallen into deep disgrace and is in the dock at the police-court, Geoffrey is the one man who hurries to him, stands by him in the shame he has brought upon himself, and in his darkest hour voluntarily makes him a promise, the fulfilment of which means that there is no room in his life for love and happiness with the woman he loves and who loves him. It is the story of a magnificent friendship, written with a restrained pathos, a quiet strength and suggestions of a reserve of power

Photo by Lavender, Bromley.
"John Barnett"
(Mr. J. R. Stagg).

that make one feel that, good as this is, the author has it in him to do work that shall be even better.

THE GIFTED FAMILY. By Barry Pain. 6s. (Methuen.)

"At six o'clock on Saturday evening the Prendergast family gathered at the round table in the sitting-room above Mr. Prendergast's shop in the Finchley Road." Mr. Pain begins the story of Sandra, the youngest girl, from that evening when a wealthy doctor's motor breaks down opposite the house and the said doctor catches sight of her. To see her is to love her. Sandra's love-story has its tragic cloud, but the sunshine prevails, and all is happy at the end. The Prendergast family, in fact, are all gifted in a sensible kind of way; the three girls all marry well, the son gets on, so does the father, and the story ends with prosperity all round the Prendergasts. The girls' gifts end in matrimony, it is true, but this is the common "transformation of the devotion to the art into the devotion to the artist," as one of the characters observes. Mr. Pain excels in this kind of sketch. The perfume manufacturer, the physician in Harley Street, the theatrical manager, and the artist are all sketched with an amusing mixture of insight and raillery. Novels of this class are apt to be either satirical or sordid. Mr. Pain steers clear of both extremes. His readers will find this a thoroughly cheerful story, sparkling with optimism and good nature.

THE SIN OF ALISON DERING. By L. G. Moberly. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Alison, though doubtless a very captivating person, was not an original woman, even in her sin. A series of the usual misfortunes that beset the path of the distressed damsel in fiction leave her in the first chapter brooding in the second floor front of a cheap Southampton lodging. To her enter the young widow, conveyed in a moribund condition from the South African boat by its steward, the landlady's husband. Alison tucks the new arrival into bed and sends for the doctor, but before his arrival the little fair and fluffy-haired girl with eyes like forget-me-nots has murmured her tale of the young husband murdered by natives in Central Africa, whose people she is on her way to live with, and expired. So it only remains for Alison to ransack the fluffy-haired girl's box, possess herself of all the letters she can find, and write to the father and mother of "Reg" as Rosamund Metcalfe. Everything goes smoothly, and Alison, or Rosamund, is accepted without question by the denizens of Pailsham Hall, into whose lives she brings sweetness and light.

In the privacy of her apartment she is ever confronted with the photograph of her alleged husband, which portrait she finds herself falling in love with. Two villains make their appearance at this juncture, Hubert and Stephen, and Alison's peace of mind is much disturbed till the resurrection of "Reg," who had not been eaten by savages at all, puts a new complexion on the whole case. The sequel we must leave to the reader.

THE INTERRUPTED KISS. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Cassell.)

One fine morning John Culver, a moneylender in a large line of business, is found dead in his study—obviously murdered. In addition to a somewhat sinister butler, there are five guests staying in his house at the time. Every one of these people would appear to have known of the murder before the official finding of the body by the butler. None of the guests are friends of Culver, who is so unpopular a person that, when he is in need of society, he is compelled to fill his house with his enemies, and three of them confess to having stolen documents from the drawers of his desk. It is characteristic of the book that nobody expresses any regret for the dead man; in fact, the general opinion seems to be that the best thing possible has happened. But the author of the story is MR. Richard Marsh, which, as most people know, is tantamount to saying that the situations are treated with freshness and ingenuity. We confess to having been in the dark for a long time as to who the murderer was and how the crime was committed. That we were disappointed in the *dénouement*, which reminded us of a musical comedy curtain, is our misfortune. However, we can heartily recommend the book to lovers of the sensational who are not too exacting in their demands. Such people will find that it will make a couple of idle hours pass very quickly.

MONEY. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Opening in the wilds of Australia with a discovery of gold by men who are starving, "Money" unfolds a striking and vividly imagined story of the callous and brutally selfish methods of the successful business man in modern England. Michael Cardross is one of the three starving men in the bush country who had discovered the gold that was, in the end, to prove more of a curse than a blessing; he had killed, or apparently killed, one of his comrades in self-defence, in a quarrel as to the division of the "find," and the man who is believed to be dead rises up against him, and is one of his greatest enemies in the after years when he is beset by his business rivals and fighting for his supremacy in trade. The story is crowded with incident and excitement; it has a strong, attractive love interest, and is worked out with uncommon ingenuity.

THE TWO GOODWINS. By R. Murray Gilchrist. 6s. (John Milne.)

This is another of Mr. Murray Gilchrist's admirable romances of the Peak district, and, with many charming and quietly realistic incidental pictures of rural life and character, tells the story of young Will Goodwin and his half-sister Charlotte. It is just one of those slight, delicate, skilfully woven plots that can no more be summarised without being robbed of much that is finest and most essential to its completeness than you can handle a butterfly without marring the soft bloom on its wings. William is adopted and spoiled by his wealthy old grandmother, after his father is married again; he loves at last and marries in spite of the old lady's wishes, and love makes a man of him, and he wins her favour again by daring to lose it. Charlotte, meanwhile, grows out of childhood into womanhood, beautifully devoted to her father, a kindly, prosperous tanner, and wakens into a pleasant, gentler romance of her own. Mr. Gilchrist has a power

Photo by Seaman & Sons, Chesterfield. **Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist.**

of minute observation, a grace of style and a subtle gift of interesting you in his men and women that make "The Two Goodwins" as true to life as it is easily and singularly attractive.

THE DARTMOOR HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. By John Trevena. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mr. Trevena seems to have been experiencing the dislike felt by natives towards an author who exploits their local traits, and he has allowed this to affect his style. His latest book is really not a story. There is no plot in it. The house is never built, and the Jack remains rather an ambiguous character. There is an author who settles in Dartmoor and begins to build a house for himself, much to the disgust of the natives, who suspect him of having written a recent novel in which their various foibles are held up to the unflattering light of day. The countryfolk are described with the same kind of whimsical detail as in the Devonshire stories of Mr. R. D. Blackmore, only with an added spice of scornful satire. Apart from them, the leading figures are the wife and daughter of the vicar, and a Bohemian maiden, Beatrice, whose cheery habits blow like a breath of fresh air through the pages of the book, upsetting incidentally the love-affair between Margery, the vicar's pretty, indolent daughter, and Jack. Mr. Trevena is quite successful in catching the spirit of the whole scene, but he stops abruptly, without rounding off the various plots, or rather sub-plots, which he has begun to outline. This lends an inconsequent air to the story. The reader gets interested in the scheme of Ann Cobbledick and her son Willum to discover and prosecute the unknown author of the novel which has libelled their dirty, drunken manner of life. It is part of Mr. Trevena's tantalising fun to excite this interest and then stop without gratifying it. The method is not artistic, and the effect of the book is further spoiled by the excessively malignant or carping spirit in which the poor vicar and his family are described.

SEPTIMUS. By W. J. Locke. 6s. (John Murray.)

Mr. Locke's new novel will not disappoint those who know him mainly as the author of "The Beloved Vagabond," and to say that is to say a great deal. The hero

of this tale is also a lovable eccentric, a "muddle-headed seraph," who contrives to unite inventive genius with a guileless simplicity which renders him adorable to two sisters. One of the sisters marries him. But we must not give the plot away any further. It would spoil the reader's pleasure in this delightful novel if he knew the ingenious turn of events beforehand. Mr. Locke has chosen a smaller canvas than usual. There are four central figures, two men and two women. One of the former is the ardent promoter of a quack ointment, and the reader shivers with apprehension lest Mr. Locke should have gone the way of Mr. H. G. Wells. It is woeful to see a novelist spoiled in an exploiter of social programmes. But these apprehensions are soon allayed. This is a true novel of character, not a disguised pill of satire or reform. Septimus is one of the endearing characters who are after Mr. Locke's own heart; he is generous and unsophisticated, unable to pack his own portmanteau, but capable of heroic and even quixotic self-sacrifice. He is described with the accuracy and whimsical sympathy which made "The Beloved Vagabond" so attractive to the discerning minority of the English public, and we can promise the reader of the earlier novel an equally unalloyed pleasure in the pages of "Septimus."

The Bookman's Table.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN. The Life and Thoughts of a Naturalist. Edited by W. H. Chesson. With Introduction and Epilogue by Edmund Gosse. 5s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mrs. Brightwen's writings penetrated where other natural history books had never been before, and often certainly made way for many others. She was accurate and unusually observant, and the stamp of a genuine and lifelong reflection was upon all her work. Mr. Gosse tells us in his charming introduction how Mrs. Brightwen set about making an author of herself in her sixtieth year. Before then, in fact from her early solitary childhood, in suburban gardens she had seen and cared as much for Nature as for anything else; she had read scientific books and made notes; but she suffered from her own and her husband's sickness, and for ten years she was cut off from books, Nature, and friends "by acute bodily illness aggravated by mental distress." It was only after the death of her husband in 1883, when she was past fifty, that "her real existence began"; only then that she "discovered in herself a remarkable gift of natural magic which enabled her to win the confidence of beasts and birds," and perhaps, so she thought at least, of bees and butterflies. Her character grew in charm and power, and from that time until her death she was happily engrossed by the activity which incidentally produced her well-known books. The story of her life is told in this volume in a sufficient way. Mr. Gosse gives a sketch of her character (she was his aunt), and illuminates the periods which are not covered by her autobiography and diaries. The autobiography and journal relate to the first forty years of her life, down to 1872, and the "thoughts" to 1892–1895. They have no decided positive qualities, but they are simple and unflinchingly true, and they reveal the under-side of an ordinary-looking life with a clearness that is far from common. They will disappoint none of her admirers, nor indeed any others, so long as they care for Nature and human character. Mr. Chesson transcribed the manuscript from which the book is made, and he has added notes wherever they were necessary.

From an oil painting by Mr. Percy Bigland.

Eliza Brightwen.

From "Eliza Brightwen." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

WHISTLER. By T. Martin Wood.—**RUBENS.** By S. L. Bensusan. 1s. 6d. net each. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

These are two more of the admirable series of "Masterpieces in Colour," edited by Mr. T. Leman Hare. Excellent type and excellent reproductions of some of the best work of these two masters are here given. Those of Whistler's work are, perhaps, the better of the two; for the relative thinness and sobriety of his colouring is doubtless easier to reproduce than the rich impasto of the mighty Fleming. Indeed, it is amazing how faithfully in these plates we are reminded of the luminous night of Battersea and Chelsea that Whistler so much loved, and as we look at the famous "Bridge" we are more than ever lost with wonder at the witticisms to which during the trial it was subjected. The same may be said of the marvellous nocturne, "St. Mark's, Venice," of which, when it was first painted, a critic said that the only worthy fact about it was the price, £630—"just about twenty shillings to the square inch." The story of Whistler's life and work, which Mr. Wood very pleasantly reviews, is one which is yet only tentatively to be written. We are too near to the reaction in his favour that followed such long injustice to be able as yet to be sure of our perspective. The writer of this text reserves himself, and us, from final judgment. We turn to Mr. Bensusan's "Rubens," with which, not for its literary quality, but on account of two of his opinions, we have some slight quarrel. He accuses Rubens of a want of poetic fancy, as if the "Triumph of Silenus" were not here, on Trafalgar Square, to answer him. Does fancy cease to be fancy because it calls up things robust and coarse? In that case, Caliban himself would be a prose creation. And only coarse, not vulgar, as Mr. Bensusan says, were the mythologic visions of this virile man.

A FAVOURITE OF NAPOLEON: Memoirs of Mademoiselle George. Edited by Paul Cheramy. 10s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Memoirs of actresses are in the air at present, and those of Mademoiselle George are not the least interesting. Of mixed French and German parentage, she was born at Bayeux in 1787. When fifteen she attracted the attention of Mlle. Raucourt, who had a commission from the Government to take as a pupil any person she thought to be worthy of her teaching. George had already a reputation for beauty, and this, combined with real talent, ensured her a successful début. Eighteen months later she became a Sociétaire of the Comédie-Française. It appears to have been shortly after this—Mlle. George is weak in her dates—that her *liaison* began with the First Consul. The story of the actress's relations with Napoleon is given with remarkable fulness and unblushing frankness. While no doubt they give an interesting sidelight on the manners and thought of the period, we incline to the belief that it is a pity that the translator (who has by no means done his work well) did not cut out a few paragraphs. Had he done so, we could have recommended the subject-

matter of the book without hesitation. As it is, we can only say frankly that it is very far from being a work suitable for all readers. We wish to find no fault with the book on this head. It is not nasty, it is merely outspoken in an unnecessary degree. The memoirs cease with the breaking off of George's relations with Napoleon, but, under a section entitled "Loose Leaves," we are given a few short descriptions of her travels and impressions at a later period of her life. It was Mlle. George's intention to write her complete autobiography, which was again to be "written up" by two friends before being placed before the public. As the editor says, it is a great pity that she was unable to complete the programme of the work she intended to do, for later in her life she was the first great actress to be associated with the Romantic movement, and was the personal friend of Hugo, Dumas, de Vigny, and other celebrities. Nevertheless, these memoirs are long enough for us to get the impression of an amiable and attractive, though perhaps not very moral, character. The book is beautifully produced, but the translation is entirely unworthy of the interest of the subject and makes enjoyable reading a matter of some difficulty.

A STANDARD BIBLE DICTIONARY. Edited by M. W. Jacobus, D.D., with E. E. Nourse, D.D., and A. C. Zenos, D.D. 25s. net. (Funk & Wagnalls.)—**DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.** Edited by James Hastings, D.D., with J. A. Selbie, D.D., J. C. Lambert, D.D., and Shailer Mathews, D.D. 20s. net. (T. & T. Clark.)

Hitherto that invaluable possession, a Bible dictionary, has almost invariably been an expensive book of many volumes; but this year has brought us two treasures in the shape of single volume Bible dictionaries, each of which is what is known as a storehouse of knowledge, a mine of information. In both books the chief aim seems to have been that of general usefulness combined with sound scholarship. In the "Standard Bible Dictionary" the text of the American Standard Edition of the Revised Bible has been adhered to, but there has been no question of ignoring either the Authorised Version of the English-speaking world, or the English Revised Version. The difficulties, we can well understand, have been immense, but the editors' full and generous realisation of what a Bible dictionary should be has made the result a feat to be proud of, and a volume of admirably varied interest, stored with biographies, accounts of manners and customs, language, and literature, while its maps and pictures add very considerably to its value, showing not only the lands, but the agricultural and household implements, furniture, scenes, and people. Dr. Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible" claims in its turn an equal meed of praise. It must not be thought that this single volume is a condensation of the earlier work. The earlier work has, undoubtedly, been an aid, but the book is in truth a new book. Here again are skill and scholarship, and all who know anything about editorial work will yield generous praise for the quite masterly manner in which the immense quantity of material has been arranged. Here is conciseness with generosity. There is no trace of scrappiness. The biography of St. Paul, for instance, is allowed nearly a dozen pages, and more than thirty pages are given to the articles on Jesus Christ. In both dictionaries this excellence is seen; and the long list of scholars who have contributed in each case is a sure warrant for the accuracy and broad principles of the work. For busy clergymen and ministers, for Bible teachers and all interested in theology, these one-volume dictionaries will come as a boon.

THE ITINERARY OF JOHN LELAND. Vol. IV. (Containing Parts VII. and VIII.) Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. 12s. net. (Bell.)

Our appreciation of former volumes of Miss Toulmin Smith's edition of Leland's famous Itinerary may be cordially extended to the present one. In the main, it consists of Leland's journey through the western midlands, starting from Alberbury in Shropshire (Part VII.), and of the notes on Kent from the Leland Collectanea (Part VIII.). Part VII., says the editor, is the only portion with any claim to be written narrative of the Itinerary; but, as before, the narrative may be most justly described as connected notes, which in this edition frequently differ but little from the disconnected notes or jottings of the Collectanea; for it has been one of the most difficult and most important parts of Miss Toulmin Smith's task to sort out the disconnected notes and to insert them in those positions in the Itinerary to which topographically they belong. So well has the work been done that, to the non-archæological reader at all events, Part VIII. will probably prove the more interesting on account of its long notes, written with all Leland's love of detail and of the salient fact, on places in and around the Romney Marsh, where, before as well as since Leland's day, the changes in the contour of the land and the importance of towns have been both rapid and great. Of the appendices, I. contains the Genealogy of the Earls of Oxford and an Abstract of a Chronicle of the Church of Tewkesbury, removed from the text "with which they seemed to interfere"; II. some scattered notes on Herefordshire, Carmarthenshire, East Yorks, and Lincolnshire, together with Leland's extracts from an ancient Welsh Chronicle; and III., Leland's notes on the Channel Islands, illustrated by a sketch-map and by a facsimile of a map made by himself, which, though much overwritten with jottings, is considerably more accurate than might have been expected. As in previous volumes, the editor has traced out as nearly as possible on modern contour maps the route taken by Leland in making his Itinerary.

SELECTED POEMS. By Laurence Housman. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Housman has gathered into this little book a very welcome selection from four volumes of his poems that are now out of print. He has a true and exquisite lyrical gift, and at his highest, in certain of the poems from the "Rue" and "Spikenard" volumes, he catches something of the divine ecstasy of Crashaw, as he does too in that one of his earliest lyrics, "Love Importunate":

> "Dark was the night, and dark as night my heart,
> When at my chamber door there knocked a hand.
> Then, with glad start,
> I rose, and oped:
> Nay, not the one I hoped,—
> There Love himself did stand." . . .

There is no shadow of latter-day doubt and paganism over his thoughts; always he has a good deal in common with the seventeenth-century metaphysical poets: their profoundly devotional spirit, their love of quaint imagery, their dainty fancifulness. Donne himself might have written that tender, haunting little poem beginning—

> "If you must do the thing you fear,
> I would I were the sin
> To knock against your heart, my dear,
> Until you let me in, . . .

and ending—

> "For then, my dear, if I were there,
> I would not be your foe;
> You need but breathe the faintest prayer,
> And I would let you go."

Which is not for a moment to suggest that Mr. Housman is derivative, but merely that he has natural affinities with a distinctive race of poets who, if they have given us none of our greatest poetry, have given us much that is fine and enduring; his note is not the less individual, and has its own fresh, elusive charm.

New Books of the Month.

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NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.
APRIL, 1909.

THE BOOKMAN SPRING SUPPLEMENT

"LA CONSOLATION DE L'ABSENCE."

From **French Prints of the Eighteenth Century**
(*Macmillan & Co.*)

FRENCH PRINTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By RALPH NEVILL. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

Some little while ago the late Lady Dilke wrote with sound artistic judgment and much erudition of the French draughtsmen and engravers of the eighteenth century; but her work, though admirable within its limits, did not attempt to decide the decorative value of the various prints, and scarcely touched upon the question of "states." Mr. Nevill has written what we believe is the first book in the English language to deal with this subject from the collector's point of view, and in five carefully planned sections he supplies a useful and reliable account of eighteenth-century French engravings, with interesting biographical sketches of the engravers and critical estimates of their work. The five parts of his book deal with (1) the line engravers; (2) colour prints; (3) print collecting; (4) the most important French engravings executed in the period, with detailed descriptions of them and notes on their various states, and (5) portraits. The volume is illustrated with fifty full-page plates, beautifully reproduced, and has full and serviceable indices.

From **Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting** (*Duckworth & Co.*)

OLD LADY (N. Maes, Berlin).

GREAT MASTERS OF DUTCH AND FLEMISH PAINTING.

By W. BODE. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

This is an excellent book Dr. Bode's chapters are equally good in criticism and in explanation. The "stars" of his collection are, of course, Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Adriaen Brouwer, Rubens, and Van Dyck. To each of these masters is devoted a long and appreciative chapter which will be welcome certainly to the artistic amateur, and—so far as we can tell—also to the professional artist. Besides these great names there are admirable notices of the lesser Dutch and Flemish artists, such as Nicholas Maes, Metsu, Hobbema, Cuyp, and Paul Potter. These chapters seem to us especially worthy of praise. They are of no great length, but they contain a large quantity of the best critical material expressed in a terse and simple manner. We recommend the book especially to those who are anxious to improve their knowledge of a subject of which they are more or less ignorant. Miss (is it Miss?) Margaret L. Clarke has made an admirable translation which reads almost like original work, and a feature of the book is a collection of thirty-nine well-reproduced illustrations from photographs of the various masters' paintings.

HIGH LIFE IN THE FAR EAST

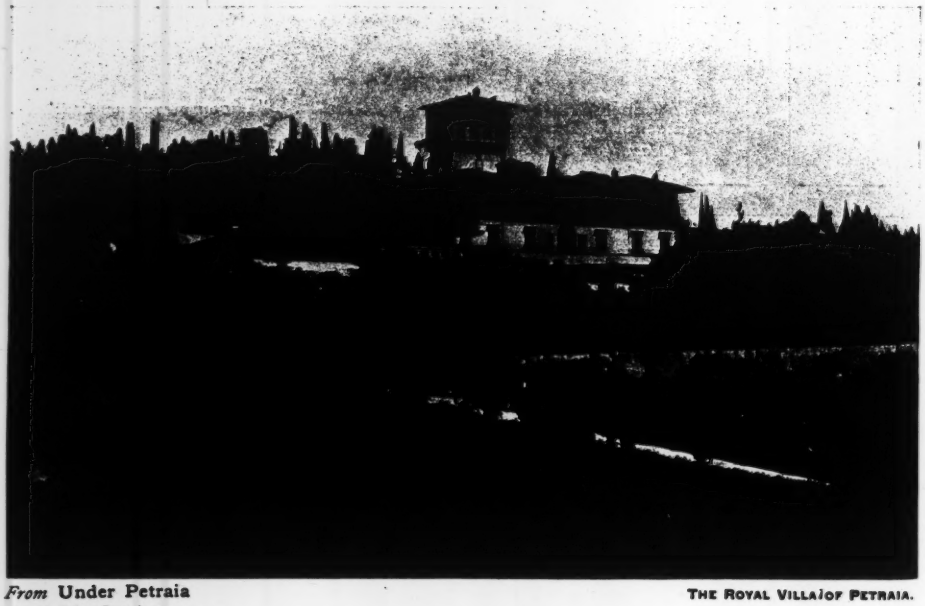
By JAMES DALZIEL. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Here is a collection of fifteen short stories by an author who has already made his mark in this style of writing. Comparatively few works of fiction take China for their locale, so that Mr. Dalziel's tales are the more welcome. There can be no doubt the author knows the Far East thoroughly well, and the stories all bear the stamp of actuality. All are well written, interesting, and cleverly constructed. At the same time we venture to think that "High Life in the Far East" would have been a better book had it been more cheerful and rather less "strong." We were duly impressed by the first story—"The Sickness of a Dream"—but when the author proceeds to throw a round dozen sad or tragic tales at our head, we must own to a desire for an occasional gleam of the humour that we are sure Mr. Dalziel possesses. And so our favourite of the stories is "The Career of Abdul Rahman," in which there is a good deal of saturnine fun. The book is not for the young person, but we welcome it, for writers are rare with so highly developed a power of description and so virile a dramatic force as Mr. Dalziel.

UNDER PETRAIA,
With Some Saunterings.

By the Author of "In a Tuscan Garden." 5s. net. (Lane.)

The present reviewer was not so fortunate as to read "In a Tuscan Garden." He believes that it had a considerable success. At any rate, if it was at all of the same excellence as "Under Petraia," it deserved success. The author has an extremely light and bright touch and a weakness for showing up the failings of other people. But, even though we cannot acquit a few passages of the book of the charge of malice, we cannot say that we did not enjoy it. Perhaps it may best be described as a series of leisurely essays, in which the author talks of anything she thinks of, making most fascinating digressions on the way to the point she is driving home. A number of the essays deal with the home life of the author "under Petraia," others have for their subjects certain of the old towns of Northern Italy. Here we have the real Italy, as the English "exile" in Florence sees it and loves it; and we have too a number of very good stories. In fact, this is a book that is more amusing (besides more edifying) than nine out of ten novels.



From **Under Petraia** (*John Lane*).

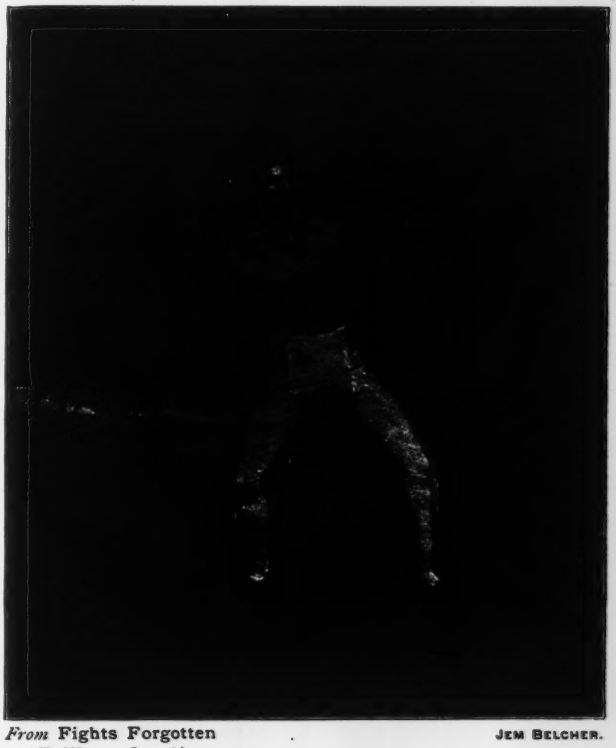
THE ROYAL VILLA OF PETRAIA.

FIGHTS FORGOTTEN.

A History of Some of the Chief, English and American Prize Fights since the Year 1788.

By HENRY SAYERS. 6s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Sayers has put together a singularly fascinating book, and one that is sure to be popular. We were not attracted by the title, but we were agreeably surprised by the contents. The writer is a thorough sportsman and does complete justice to his subject. There are naturally a number of sporting expressions and phrases, but, somehow, they have no weakening effect; indeed, the book is surprisingly well written. Short biographical sketches of the contestants are usually given, and, in all, twenty-five fights are described in detail, ranging from 1795, John Jackson *v.* Mendoza, to 1900, Jem Corbett *v.* Kid McCoy. There is unavoidably a certain sameness about the book, but it is sufficiently exciting, and we recommend it heartily as one of the best of its kind. There are eleven interesting and well-reproduced illustrations from photographs and old prints.



From **Fights Forgotten** (*T. Werner Laurie*). JEM BELCHER.

A LIFE'S ARREARS.

By FLORENCE WARDEN. 6s. (Cassell & Co.)

Those ingenuous novel-readers who do not ask for a plot which is bound slavishly in the chains of probability but demand only that a tale shall be at the same time wholesome and exciting, may find "A Life's Arrears" very much to their liking. Regarded coldly with the eye of pure reason, the tale might be condemned as calling for an excessive credulity; read simply with a view to brisk and harmless entertainment, it has its points. Jane Maristow, the daughter of a country parson, having lost the fresh bloom of youth, has declined from the position of model in a West End milliner's shop to that of an ill-paid blouse-maker for the same firm, when she inherits a fortune representing a couple of thousand pounds per annum. She is advised to take a holiday at Monte Carlo (what would our lady novelists do were there no Monte Carlo?); and here she makes the acquaintance of Miles Haldon. Through his friendship she is plunged into a very maelstrom of whirling adventures; and she lies for a while under suspicion of diamond stealing. In the end all is well; and Jane finds happiness in a tardy wedlock. She is a gentle and admirably intentioned woman and her reward is undoubtedly deserved. At the same time we have a feeling that had the mental qualities of Jane been as conspicuous as her attributes of soul she might have arrived at the same result by more easy paths. "A Life's Arrears" is very readable, however, and several of the figures in the story are drawn with considerable ability.

ROMANCE OF ROMAN VILLAS.

By ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY. 15s. net. (Putnam's.)

American publishers are said as a rule to produce their books in a more artistic manner than their English confrères. We have hitherto considered this statement somewhat incredulously, but there can be no doubt that "Romance of Roman Villas" is a credit to any publisher and any country. Indeed, it is one of the most beautiful books we have seen. The illustrations—seven in photogravure and over forty others—are well chosen and admirably reproduced; and the book is beautifully printed. Miss Champney's nine chapters deal with thirteen villas. Her method has been to choose "as the focal point of each of the following chapters the half-forgotten face of some woman" and around each woman to write the romance in fictional form. The ladies so chosen range from Caterina Sforza to Pauline Bonaparte, and such parts of their lives as the author portrays are both romantic and adventurous. Miss Champney has obviously taken a good deal of trouble to get up her subjects thoroughly, and her treatment of them is interesting. At the same time we wish she had avoided the strange mixture of archaic and colloquial English with which we are regaled. We can find no other fault in a most attractive book.

From **Romance of Roman Villas** (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*). CASINO, VILLA ALBANI.

From **Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier** (*Seeley & Co.*)

ZIARAT OR SHRINE ON THE TAKHT-I-SULIMAN.

These burial-places of holy men are frequently located in almost inaccessible spots on mountains. Yet bed-ridden sufferers are hauled up the precipitous sides in order that they may be benefited by contact with the holy place, as may be seen in the illustration.

THE INDIAN CRIMINAL.

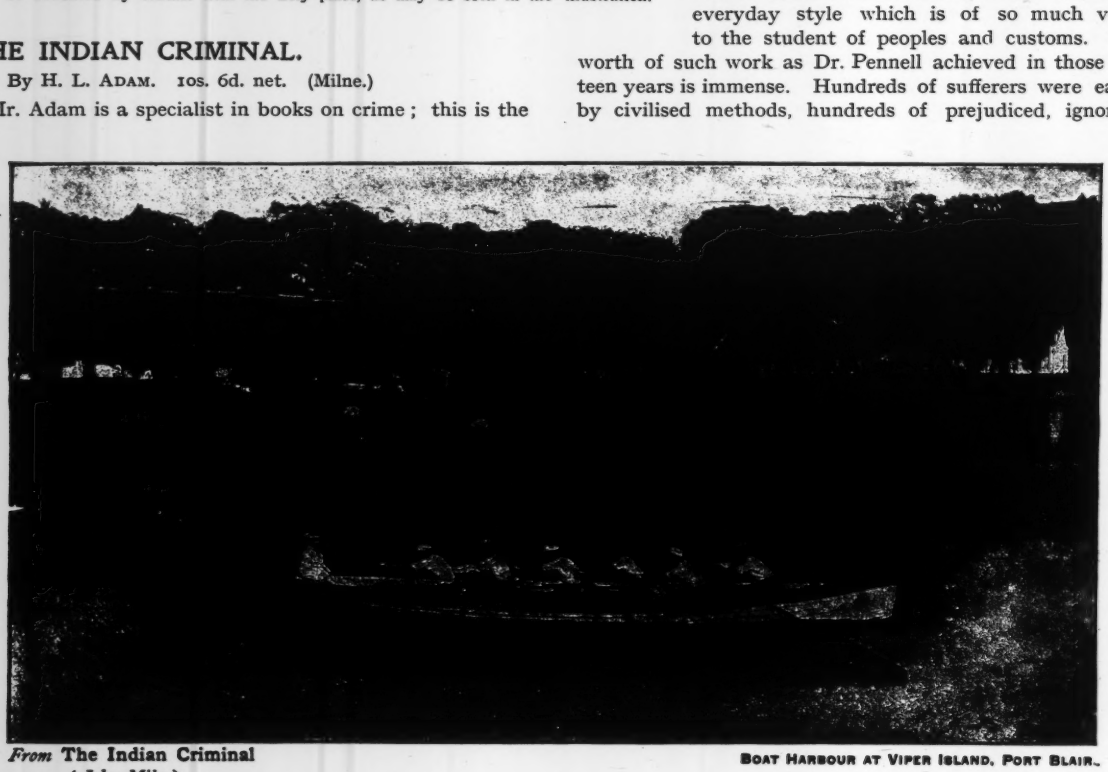
By H. L. ADAM. 10s. 6d. net. (Milne.)

Mr. Adam is a specialist in books on crime; this is the third from his pen that has appeared in little more than a year. To many persons the subject is fascinating, and to Mr. Adam's credit be it said that he deals with it in an interesting and not too harrowing manner. We do not suppose that the work under consideration is the last word on the Indian criminal, but at least it makes an adequate introduction to the study of that very slippery gentleman. In his first chapter the author states that the study of crime in India is a much more interesting subject than that of crime in the West. We are inclined to think that this is the case. The hereditary criminals who occur so frequently in India are more or less unknown in this country, and the examination of their misdeeds makes a curious study. Mr. Adam gives a large number of narratives in his book, and deals with every important branch of crime in that country and of the measures that have been taken to suppress it. The concluding portion of the book is devoted to a description of the penal station in the Andaman Islands. There are also sixteen illustrations from photographs.

AMONG THE WILD TRIBES OF THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

By T. L. PENNELL, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S. With Illustrations and Maps. 16s. net. (Seeley & Co.)

The lot of a medical missionary among wild tribes is one of peril, but at the same time it is one giving unusual opportunities for observation and study of the character of a fierce people. Dr. Pennell has spent sixteen years in close intercourse with the natives of the Indian marches, and from several points of view his record cannot be too highly estimated. Personal characteristics, ways of life and warfare, beliefs, pleasures, methods and superstitions; everything from birth to death, in sickness and in health, is recounted in the full, clear, everyday style which is of so much value to the student of peoples and customs. The worth of such work as Dr. Pennell achieved in those sixteen years is immense. Hundreds of sufferers were eased by civilised methods, hundreds of prejudiced, ignorant



From **The Indian Criminal** (*John Milne*).

BOAT HARBOUR AT VIPER ISLAND, PORT BLAIR.

men and women were brought under a sane influence, and hundreds of pathways were open to the missionary which would have been closed to him if he had not been a doctor as well as a teacher of the gospel. This volume is packed full of first-hand knowledge, of anecdote and description, and, aided by the camera, the life of the Afghan frontier is laid open for us to read from these pages in safety and in comfort.

THE SHORT CUT TO INDIA.

By David Fraser. With Illustrations and Maps. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackwood & Sons.)

If any one wishes to know about the railway to Baghdad, and does not stipulate for actual Blue-books, this is undoubtedly the volume which must not be passed over. Indeed, if any one does *not* wish to know about the railway to Baghdad, this is still undoubtedly the book to read, for not only will it entertain the reader, but it will make him keen in the future about all that concerns, and happens to, and results from the said much-debated railway. Mr. Fraser travelled along the route from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf, and his narrative is one full of information, practical, one may say technical, and of well-told personal experiences. When he started on his journey the Sultan was an autocrat; just as he neared the end Turkey had revolted. Small and amusing details as well as big questions and issues, each recounted with the suitable spirit, find place in these pages. Mr. Fraser writes colloquially, and his book leaves the impression of a clever and animated conversation; cheerfulness and good sense never desert him. Many illustrations bring the railway route before our actual eyes, and at the end of the volume lies a treasure for students, for here, in the Appendixes, are given interesting and unpublished documents relating to the business side of the "short cut to India."

From **The Short Cut to India** (*W. Blackwood & Sons*). A Mesopotamian Well.

AN OXFORD TUTOR.

By C. E. H. Edwards. 1s. 6d. net. (Elliot Stock.)

As "Tommy Short," the Rev. Thomas Short, B.D., was familiarly known to generations of Oxford men, very few of whom are now surviving to repeat, at first hand, the many good stories that are told about him. Newman, Roundell Palmer, Freeman, and others who were to become great men were among his pupils; "under his auspices Trinity, from an insignificant college, small in numbers and of slight reputation, grew into a vigorous society, rivalling its compeers in the eminence of its

From **The Short Cut to India** (*W. Blackwood & Sons*). Where the Baghdad Railway will pass.

From **An Oxford Tutor** (*Elliot Stock*). THE REV. THOMAS SHORT.

academical honours." Mr. C. E. H. Edwards writes a sympathetic and delightful little biography of this very able, quaintly humorous and curiously lovable old "Oxford tutor"; Short had an excellent vein of whimsicality, and there are several capital, laughable anecdotes of him in these pages, but perhaps the best anecdote of them all is the one of a different type at the end which was told by the late Bishop of St. Albans as showing the depths that lay beneath Short's spiritual reserve. Altogether, it is a pleasing record of a good and useful life.

From **The City of Beautiful Nonsense** (*Chapman & Hall*). JILL.

POEMS.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. 7 vols. Cloth, 1s. net each; lambskin, 2s. 6d. net each. Library edition, 3s. 6d. net each. (Gay & Hancock.)

No living poet of America, or of England, appeals to a larger public than does Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Her name is familiar and her books sell by the thousand in both countries, and probably the secret of her influence lies largely in the homeliness of her themes, her sympathetic handling of the everyday things that matter to the vast mass of everyday people, in the lilting melody and happy simplicity of her style. Her Muse is no marble goddess that sits loftily enshrined among the unearthly splendours of a chilly temple, but a very woman, graciously human, who walks with you in the light of common day, or comes to you by your own fireside with words of comfort and counsel and good cheer. Some of her poems, such as "One of us Two," "Beyond," "My Ships," and "Solitude," have been copied so often in all manner of papers that thousands of people must know them almost by heart even if they do not know who wrote them; two lines of

From **Poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox** (*Gay & Hancock*). ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"Solitude" have been as much quoted as any two lines that ever were written—

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."

These seven volumes, tastefully bound and published at a price that brings them within the reach of slender purses, are sure of a wide welcome, and deserve it.

THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL NONSENSE.

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Thurston's latest story is an example of pleasant, clever discursiveness, with a very tender love-tale threading its way through. As the story progresses, the discursiveness gradually diminishes, till towards the end the love of Jack and Jill is the paramount matter. Jack is a penniless journalist, Jill is the daughter of a once rich man, and this hero and heroine meet on the eve of St. Joseph's Day in the Sardinia Street Chapel, each praying for what his or her heart needed most. But when they went to buy their penny candles to burn before the saint, there was but one candle left, and the man had bought it with his last penny. But his last penny had bought him

more than the candle for St. Joseph—indeed he yielded the candle to Jill, the lady in the fur coat. The theme develops with a slow easiness which is attractive and diverting, and though the style is marred at times by mannerisms, in his best moods the author shakes himself free of these. "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" (which is Venice) is a book which, opened at any page, will hold the attention. Life in Fetter Lane with some ideals but no money to speak of, life taken casually yet with a good heart and a remnant of childlikeness, is life worth reading about.

GLIMPSES OF THE TWENTIES.

By WILLIAM TOYNBEE. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Toynbee, whose "Vignettes of the Regency" had a considerable literary success, now gives us another book. The present work seems to us more or less supplementary to the former, but it is in no sense necessary to have read "Vignettes of the Regency" to appreciate "Glimpses of the Twenties." Appropriately enough, the

From **Glimpses of the Twenties** (*A. Constable & Co.*)

THE PRINCE OF WALES, AFTERWARDS GEORGE IV.

book consists of twenty chapters, in which Mr. Toynbee tells the inner history of the most interesting political and semi-political events during the ten years he has chosen. It appeals to us as something more than mere book-making, for the author writes with a verve and spirit that are unusual in these days of mechanical biographies. The figure of George IV. is one of the most interesting in English history, and the author presents him in an entirely satisfactory manner. Throughout, the human side of the persons dealt with is insisted upon; the result is a collection of bright and illuminating little narratives. In fact, we can strongly recommend this book to the reader who wishes for something a little "stiffer" than popular fiction. There are a number of clear and interesting portraits.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE, and Other Poems

By CHARLES WOLFE. 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Everybody knows "The Burial of Sir John Moore," but not one general reader in ten could say off-hand who wrote it; and most of the minority who could, have long since put Wolfe down as a man of one poem. Certainly he owes his fame entirely to the famous ballad; if he had not written that it is safe to say this slender little book would never

From **The Burial of Sir John Moore** (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES WOLFE

have been published. Nevertheless, there are some two or three charming lyrics in it, notably "If I had thought thou could'st have died," that were worth binding up with the greater poem, though they are not likely to add any fresh leaves to Wolfe's laurels. The volume contains a portrait and a collotype facsimile of the original manuscript of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and is prefaced with an extremely interesting introductory memoir by C. Litton Falkiner, who tells the story of how the ballad came to be written and its authorship disputed, and gives a just and discriminating estimate of the author's genius.

Frontispiece to **A Book of Parodies** (*Blackie & Son*).

JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

After a picture by Sir John Watson Gordon.

A BOOK OF PARODIES.

Edited by ARTHUR SYMONS. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackie & Son.)

Frankly, we envy Mr. Arthur Symons the pleasant task he has had in editing this book of parodies. It is always quite conceivable that running about in search of fun may not be funny. But whatever Mr. Symons has been obliged to read and discard, the fact remains that he has had, perforce, to cheer himself with quite an appreciable amount of dipping into the fun of Frere and the polished tricks of Lodge and Maginn and the cleverness of Calverley, Canning, J. K. S., and others of a like fancy. Parody does not always mean quite what we have grown to understand by the word, and many an early poem in this collection differs from our later examples of wit cut to another's shape. Often there is more of faithfulness to form than jocularity of matter; or there is humour of a less epigrammatic style. One of the great interests of this most entertaining collection lies in this variety of the styles of parody, this wide understanding of the word. Mr. Symons gives us examples by Maginn, Gay, Landor, Frere, Pope, James Smith, Horatio Smith, Poole, Coleridge, Leyden, Lodge, Lamb, Philips, Southey, Shelley, Canning, Hogg, Keats, Lewis Carroll, Swinburne, Calverley, J. K. S., Aytoun, and many others; and when we say that these delights are published in one of the desirable, always satisfactory Red Letter volumes, we need vouch no further for the excellence of production.

JAN OF THE WINDMILL.

By JULIANA HORATIA EWING. With Illustrations in Colour by M. V. WHEELHOUSE. 2s. 6d. net. (George Bell & Sons.)

To Messrs. George Bell & Sons must hearty praise be given for one of the daintiest, we may say most fragrant, series of reprints which have been offered to the public for many a long day. This is "The Queen's Treasures Series," which began last year with that charming but heretofore too little known idyll "Cousin Phillis," by Mrs. Gaskell. Since then the series has been devoted to the delicate genius of Mrs. Ewing, and after delighting us with "Six to Sixteen" and "A Flat Iron for a Farthing," now gives us the tender, beautiful tale of the old Wiltshire windmill and of the little Jan who came to it on the night of the great storm. It was a happy fate which placed these gems of child-fiction in the hands of Miss Wheelhouse for illustration; in her graceful lines and delicate shades of colouring she proves how entirely she is in sympathy with the art of the writer. Miss Wheelhouse may be congratulated on having added a new joy to Mrs. Ewing's stories.

From **Jan of the Windmill** (*G. Bell & Sons*). "IT'S BOGY."

Frontispiece to **A Holiday in Connemara** (*Methuen & Co.*)

GREAT ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

By HOLBROOK JACKSON. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

This, the third volume in the "Temple of Fame" Series, is devoted to concise biographical estimates and familiar interpretations of eleven famous English novelists. In a prefatory note, Mr. Holbrook Jackson mentions that his purpose has been to show the relationship between the novelist's life and his art; and he anticipates criticism to some extent by explaining that his object has not been to deal with every great novelist, but to preserve "a clear view of the broad, evolutionary path of the novel," therefore he has chosen only those writers "who have contributed something essential towards making the English novel what it is." He begins with Defoe, and ends with Meredith.

From **A Fair Refugee** (*Hodder & Stoughton*). DESIGN ON WRAPPER (IN COLOURS).

Trollope Mr. Jackson did not think worthy of inclusion, Charles Reade is "crowded out by Scott and Bulwer," and Thomas Hardy is omitted. But one has no right to complain; Mr. Jackson has made his own selection for reasons of his own, and within its limits his book is an able and valuable study in the history of English fiction, tracing the development of the novel "from the period in which it first attained a separate consciousness in Defoe, to the present day, in which it has become a highly complex and exacting art." The volume is illustrated with over thirty portraits and sketches.

A FAIR REFUGEE.

By MORICE GERARD. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Gerard knows how to write a good story, and his latest book shows him almost at his best in this respect. It is, as usual with this author, an historical novel. "A Fair Refugee" takes us back to the time of the French Revolution. Marie de Masseine is the daughter of an aristocratic family, and is compelled to flee the country. Mr. Gerard gives us a number of exciting incidents coupled with the flight and the subsequent wreck of the ship on which is Marie. When she is saved from drowning by the attractive Francis Cardew, one begins to scent a romance. But it is some little time before we get our happy ending. In his hero and heroine, the author has given a clever delineation of two attractive characters, while in the more dramatic portions of the tale his touch is as sure as ever. In short, this is a good story, straightforward, happy, and enjoyable, and ought to be popular.

SALOME AND THE HEAD.

By E. NESBIT. With Illustrations by SPENSER PRYSE. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

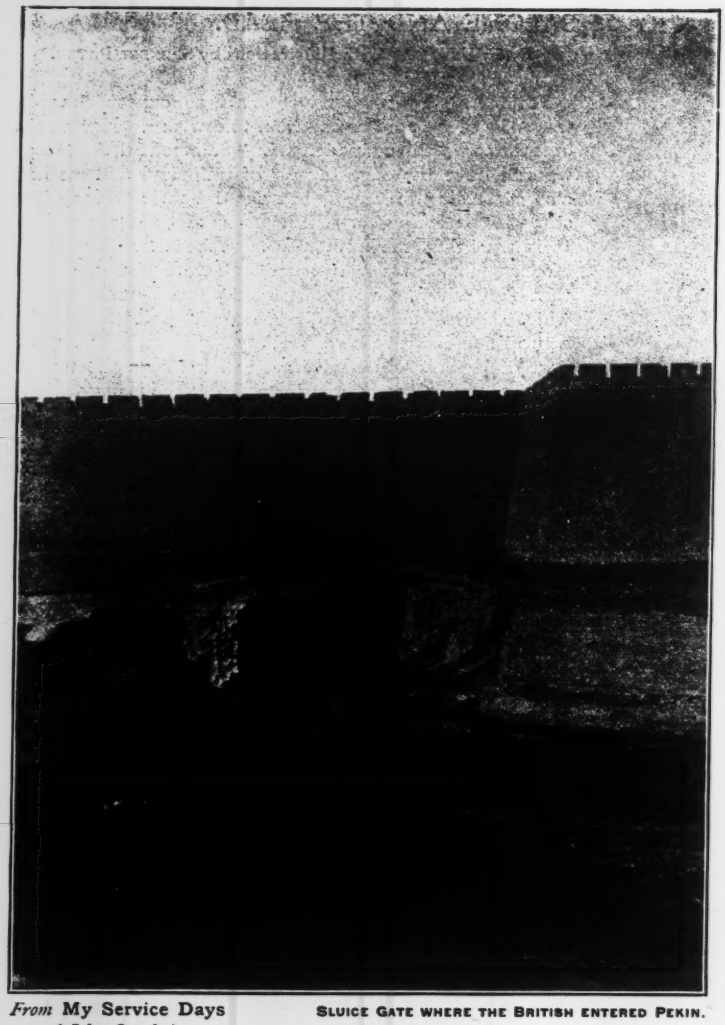
From E. Nesbit we have learnt to expect charming tales of either Cupid or children, told with an engaging air of intimacy with the reader. In "Salome and the Head" we still have the engaging air of intimacy, and we have also something of Cupid, but the dramatic power of the story is something for which we were quite unprepared. It is true that the author has labelled her volume "A Modern Melodrama," but, carelessly, we had overlooked that fact till the trend of affairs opened our eyes very wide. Undoubtedly in this book E. Nesbit has handled a lurid subject with strength; she has made a fairy-tale part of it seem quite natural; in her hands the unusual has become probable, and the whole theme is engrossing—rather dreadful at times, but engrossing. Alexandra, who is Sandra, who is Sylvia, who is Salome, is truly "a witch, a wonder": she is the heroine, she is a dancer by force of genius, and she is a woman who can bear many things, but cannot endure the proof of moral cowardice in a man she has loved. As for the hero—there is more than one in this novel, or there is none. But Sandra made up her mind at last which virtue or which failing she could best tolerate in a man, and the dramatic, at times terrible, story ends on a high unfaltering note.

MY SERVICE DAYS.

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR NORMAN STEWART, BART., C.B. 7s. 6d. net. (Ouseley.)

Sir Norman Stewart's reminiscences are divided into four parts of very unequal length. The author deals with his early days in the Army in the first part, entitled "India and Afghanistan." Then follow "Suakim, '85" and "India." Finally comes the portion of greatest

From **Salome and the Head** (*Alston Rivers*). "A CHILD, A WITCH, A WONDER."



From **My Service Days** (*John Ouseley*).

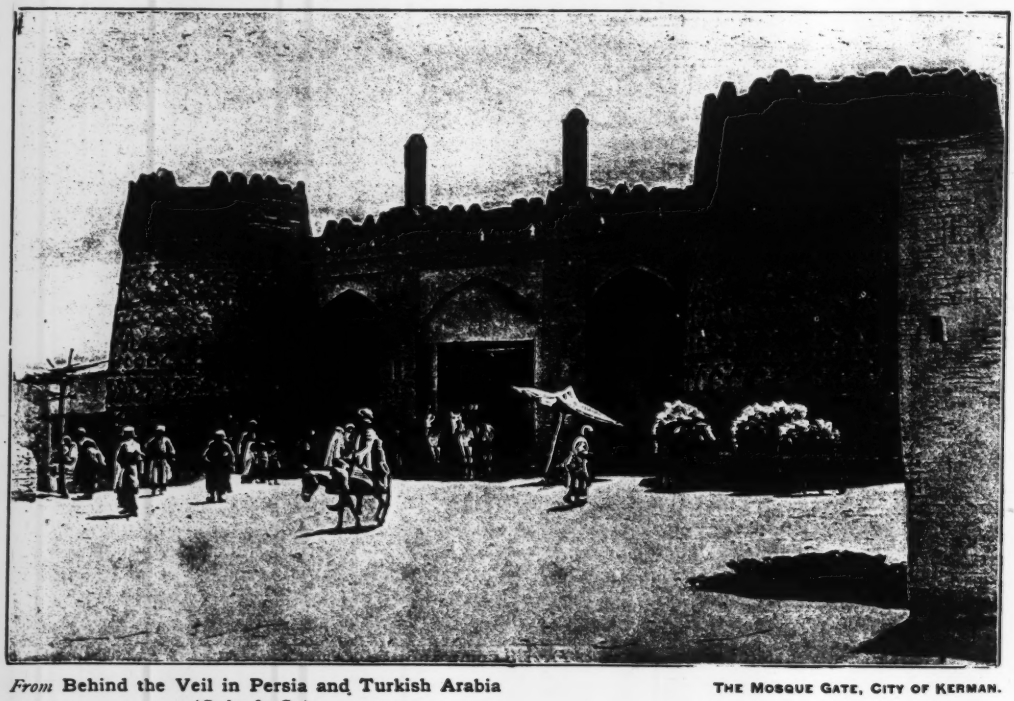
SLUICE GATE WHERE THE BRITISH ENTERED PEKIN.

length—it is more than half the book—and interest, "China." The author, who was in command of the 1st Brigade during the operations in China of 1900–1, reproduces part of his diary and has much to tell of that campaign. In the light of later events, his criticisms of the various elements of the Allied Forces—a criticism which was made during the campaign—is of particular interest. As a whole the book is chatty and makes good reading. The style in which it is written is poor, but the author contrives to make his meaning clear, which, after all, is the most important literary virtue. The book gives an admirable picture of the life of a busy soldier, and is one that should be in considerable demand. There are some interesting photographs, but some kind of index is badly needed.

BEHIND THE VEIL IN PERSIA AND TURKISH ARABIA.

By M. E. HUME-GRIFFITH. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (Seeley & Co.)

As the wife of a medical missionary Mrs. Hume-Griffith was able to visit the anderoons of all classes in Persia and Turkey during her eight years' sojourn in these countries, and her book is full of brightly written observation. Her tales of the boredom and the jealousies in the women's quarters of the better houses are very sad, but sadder and more terrible still are the tales of cruelty, real facts these, which so many of the wives, some no more than children, are called upon to endure. A very interesting part of this volume is that which deals from time to time with the domestic and housekeeping experiences which the author bought, sometimes rather dearly. Dr. Hume-Griffith himself adds some narratives of his own to those of his wife. "Persian therapeutics," says Dr. Hume-Griffith, "are very simple, dating back to the time of Hippocrates. All diseases are divided into two classes—hot and cold—to be treated accordingly with hot or cold remedies." The results are sometimes disastrous. Mrs. Hume-Griffith deplores the degrading life and conditions of the women of these Eastern countries. "The only hope for our women



From **Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia** (*Seeley & Co.*)

THE MOSQUE GATE, CITY OF KERMAN.

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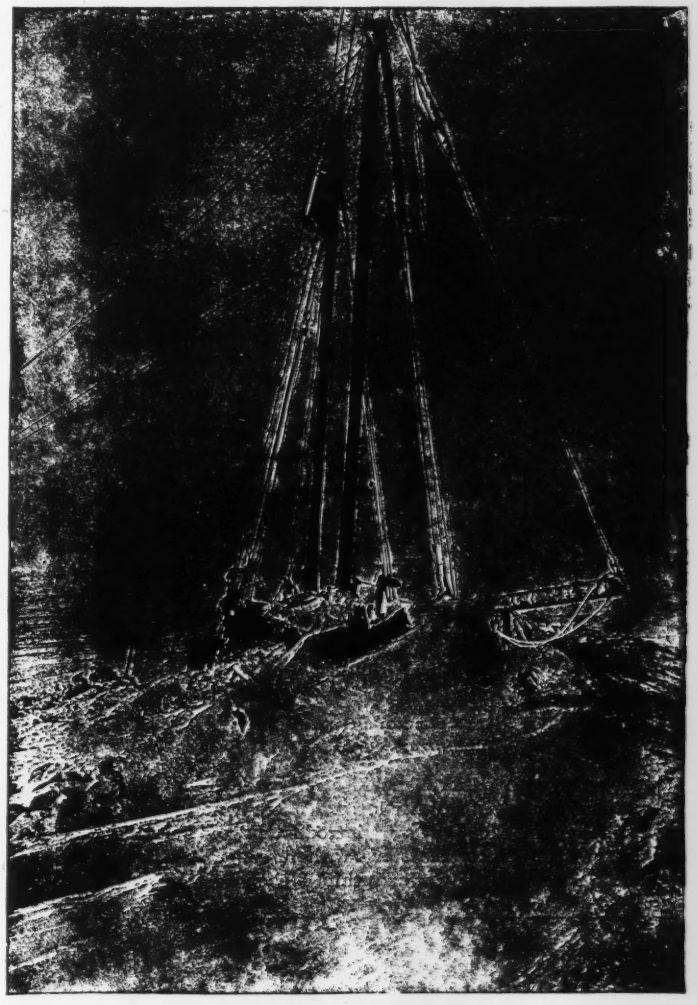

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(Reviewed on p. 35.)

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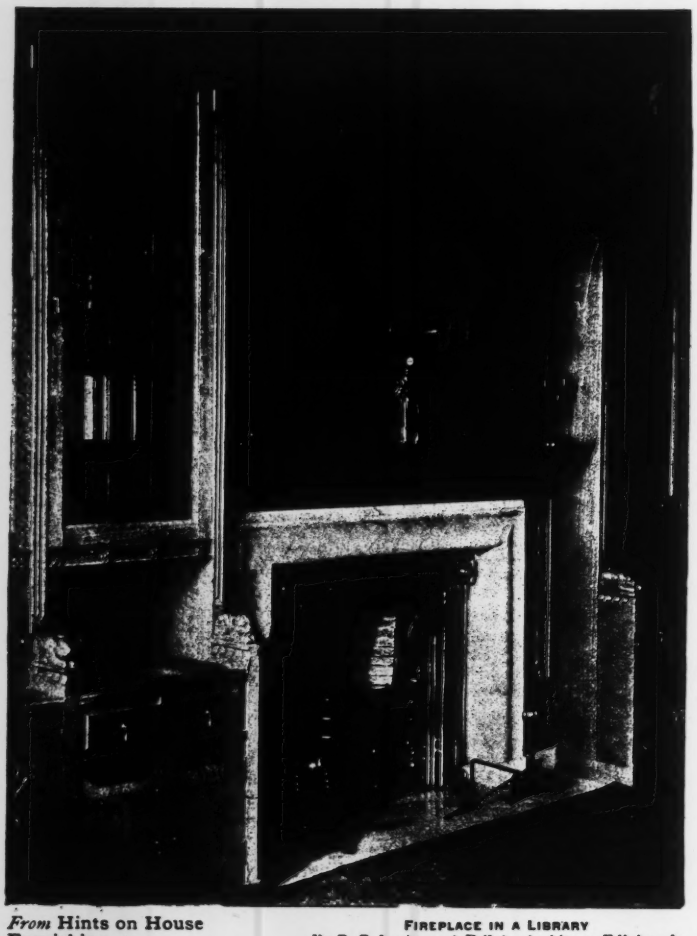

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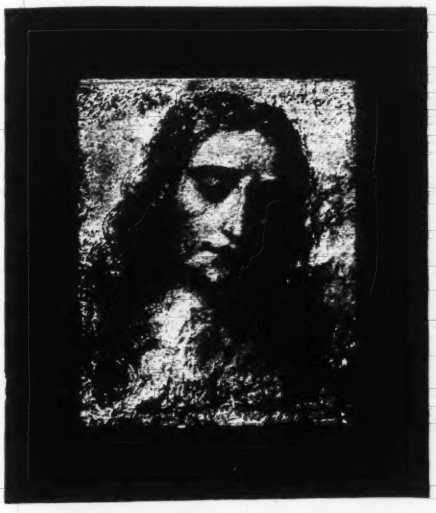

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The knew well alle the havenrs as thei are
The haste sower hadde maad his hew al reed
att Dembrigg, Newloun & the mouth of Yar
no cook he wilt him for the nones
The cryke of Sisbourne Hamble & Meademe
To boylle chykines with the mary bones
Frys barge yclepid was the Swiche Greene

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He will but counterfeit attain
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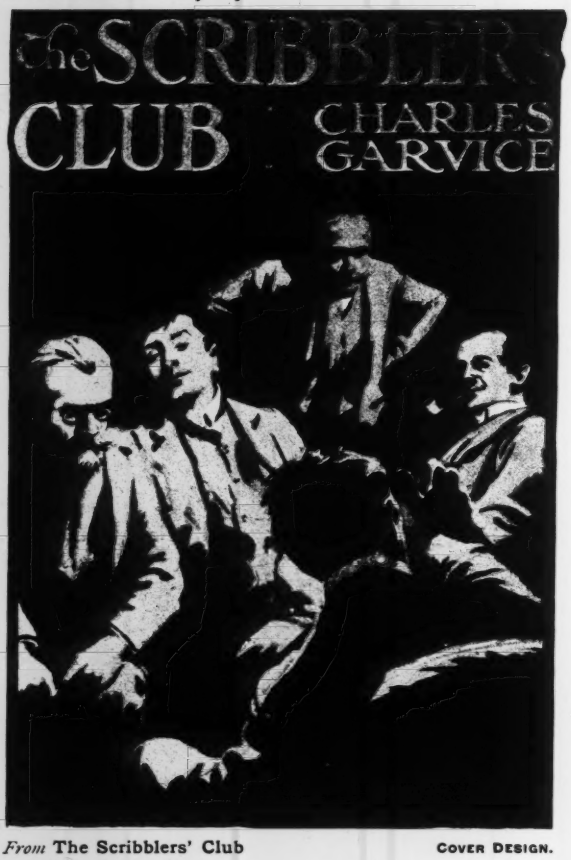

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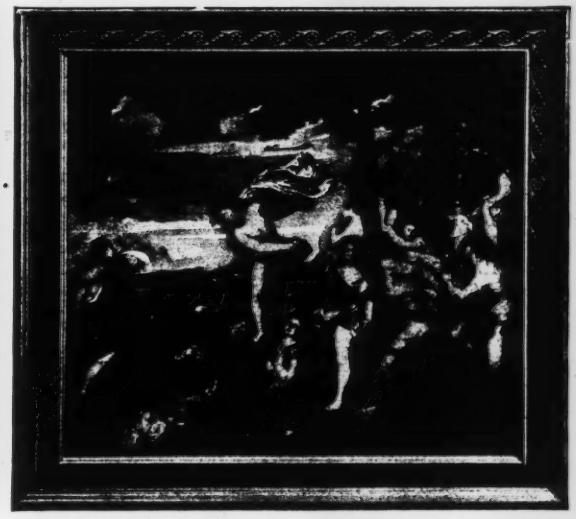

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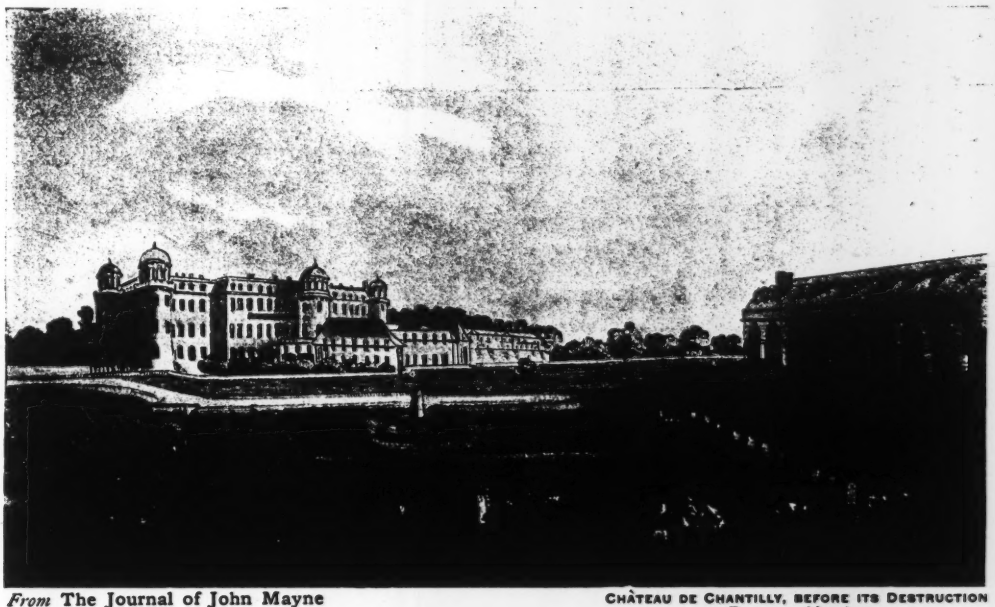

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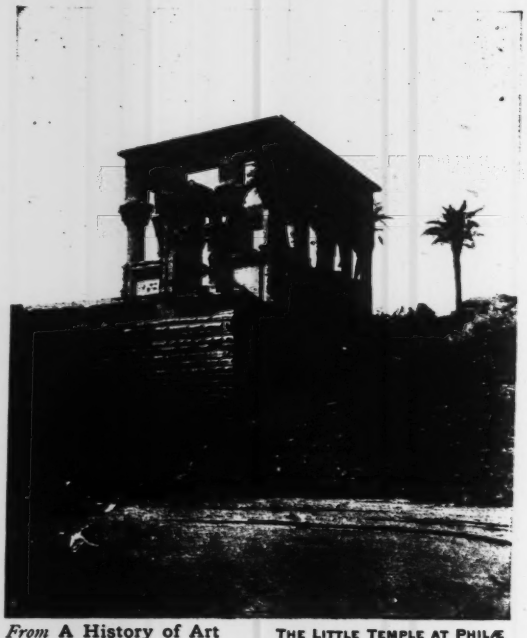

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its elements at the time, but should now describe it as a George the Third's penny, with a halfpenny-worth of George the Fourth, the pride of Amurath the Fifth, and the temper of eight little Lucifers in a swept lodging." This presentment did not satisfy him. He adds that he knew he was proud, but did not recognise pride or sulkiness for his leading faults, "and it seemed hard to me that only the excrescent faults and by no means the constant capacities should be set forth, carved by the petty justice of the practical cameo."

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